

LIPPINCOTT'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

BY REV. CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

The Lady from the Sea



SHORT SUMMER STORIES

A SURE TEST . . .
HICKORY DOCK . . .
THE SECOND STAR . . .
THE REMITTANCE MAN . . .

BY MARY STEWART CUTTING
BY ELEANOR A. HALLOWELL
BY CAROLINE LOCKHART
BY WILL LEVINGTON COMPORT

SEASONABLE PAPERS

AN OPENING FOR GIRL COLLEGE GRADUATES
WHO NEED NONE . . .
PHILADELPHIA IN JUNE . . .

BY PROF. ALBERT SCHINZ
BY AN EXILE

JUNE

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LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

JUNE, 1905



THE LADY FROM THE SEA

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Author of "When Blades Are Out and Love's Afield," "Woven with the Ship," "A Doctor of Philosophy," "The Southerners," etc.

I.

UNIQUE PARTICIPANTS

ROMANCE, in books, is associated always with the beautiful, generally with the best. We go backward into the past for a theme, since "'tis distance lends enchantment to the view." We fancy that the heart beats more warmly—certainly more gracefully—beneath satin and lace than beneath calico and fustian; that the love that quotes poetry is purer and more admirable than that which through hard necessity expresses itself ungrammatically; that diamond-buckled shoes, capering nimbly upon a carpet to the "lascivious pleasing of a lute," carry a man whose ideals must inevitably transcend those of his lowly brother who is upborne by the sabot or the brogan.

It is a dictum that there is no romance among the common people. The hero and the heroine, in the novel, must be dissociated from real life by unusual qualities and characteristics, else no one will care for their story—so, at least, it is imagined. Yet as the saddest tragedies are those of the commonplace, so the finest romances are those of the common people.

To pick up at random any of the current stories of the day is to find one evidence of a concession to the supposed popular yearning for the beautiful and the unusual in the descriptions—and, eke, the names—of the puppets who give title to the story and strut through their brief hours upon the written stage. With rare exceptions the heroines

are beautiful in person, cultivated in mind, ancient in family—Lady Clara Vere de Veres, in short; while the hero is no longer beautiful, but he is strong, tall, brave, noble, generous; and if dissipated, will ultimately reform. The names, as I have suggested above, of these godlike persons correspond, so far as names may,—and they may to a great degree, notwithstanding Shakespeare,—to these attributes. They fall trippingly from the tongue and linger musically in the memory. Invention which might better be devoted to the story is wasted on a name that, like Wordsworth's famous light, “never was on sea or land.” I have invented several myself, therefore I know!

The heroine of the ensuing story is named Jones, the hero, Smith. These names have been selected deliberately. That sets this romance at once apart from all other stories that have ever been written. That it may live up to its uniqueness is the prayer of the writer. There must of necessity be thousands of romances in the Smith and Jones families, there are so many of them—and they are not dying, but, on the contrary, are increasing at a rapid rate! Cannot a Smith love as well as a Montmorenci? Is not the blood of a Jones filled with the same passionate ichor as that of a Howard?

Miss Jones—her first and only other name was Ellen—was a young woman of no particular ancestry which need be dwelt upon. While it must be frankly admitted that she was not strikingly beautiful, it may be affirmed with equal truth that neither was she painfully homely. She was just a tall, well-formed, healthy American girl, such as you meet with in plenty, thank God! in any community in the land. Her hair was brown, her eyes were blue, her cheeks were red, and her teeth were white—these are the usual colors, I believe. Her temper was quick, her disposition cheerful, her soul honest—nor are these qualities at all uncommon. She had been reasonably well educated for the period in which she lived, and in addition to what she had learned at the “Female Academy” she could sing a song, make a dress, or cook a dinner—happily, ability of this sort is not rare. There was nothing extraordinary about her from any point of view. Thousands of women like that—Smiths, Joneses, Browns, etc.—are being loved, wooed, and married every day; and the future of the country depends upon the steady continuance of a supply adequate to meet the demand.

As for Smith, the hero of this veracious tale, his first name was Thomas, intimately abbreviated to Tom. If he could have won Ellen Jones for his wife, he would have been supremely happy as well as very fortunate. If Miss Jones had no family to speak of, Mr. Smith had absolutely none at all. He had been raised—I use the word advisedly, it was more like raising than rearing—in an eleemosynary institution,—to wit, a public orphan asylum. The superintendent of the institution, not being gifted with imagination, had named him

Smith. He had a regular list of names for the foundlings which he bestowed upon his charges in unvarying succession, and Smith fell to the lot of this unfortunate. One of the women attendants had further called him "Tommy" after her sweetheart. To identify the little waif from the New York streets and to differentiate him from other "Tom" Smiths, of whom there were not a few, the authorities had inserted a middle name. He had been picked up in Beekman Street, and in the records his full name, therefore, ran this way, Thomas Beekman Smith.

He was an unusually bright boy and as homely as they make them—freckled, red-headed, and, for all his name, evidently of Irish parentage. He was a jolly, cheerful, willing, hard-working little rat, however, who dearly loved a joke, yet who was as ambitious as a ward politician. The superintendent of the orphan asylum happened to have a brother who was a captain in the United States Navy, one of the old-time, "1812," sailing-frigate captains. The superintendent's interest had been excited by young Smith. He had communicated some of this interest to his brother, and—in short, at the age of eleven the boy went to sea as a captain's servant.

By and by old Commodore Bainboro, observing there was good stuff in the lad, had him warranted a "reefer." Smith went through the usual course of the young aspirant in those days. He served creditably as a midshipman in the Mexican War, and thereafter, being still young enough, sought and received permission to go through the Naval Academy, from which he graduated in the Class of '52. Behold him in the fall of 1861 a full-fledged lieutenant in the United States Navy, still freckled-faced, still red-headed, still homely, still fond of a jest, still happy, and still ambitious—also in love. He was one of those rare mortals who can be happy, ambitious, and in love at one and the same time.

The war between the States had just begun. Opportunities for distinction would be many. That some of them should fall to his lot and be embraced accordingly was the determination of Smith. He owed everything to the United States, and was resolute to discharge some of the obligations. Things did not look very promising at first, however. Being without influence,—for old Commodore Bainboro was long since dead,—the best assignment he could get for duty at the outbreak of the war was the old-fashioned sailing-frigate St. Lawrence. Smith had promptly applied for an appointment to one of the new steam sloops-of-war, but his application had been passed over and he had been relegated to this useless relic of the past.

The commander of the St. Lawrence was Commodore Hiram Paulding, who had been a midshipman in the War of 1812 and commended for his gallant conduct while executive officer of the Ticonderoga at

the battle of Lake Champlain. The veteran also chafed at his relegation to the St. Lawrence, but there was no present help for it. In modern times he would have been retired long since, so he might perhaps consider himself lucky at being given any command at all.

As I have said, the war had just begun. Blockade-running was in its infancy. Privateering in behalf of the Confederates was, however, beginning vigorously. Had it not been nipped in the bud by the prompt efforts of the Federal cruisers it might have done enough damage to have rendered unnecessary the appearance of the Alabama later on. The United States had proclaimed a blockade of the southern coast, but as yet it was laxly maintained, owing to paucity of force, and the Confederate privateers came and went pretty much as they pleased.

The St. Lawrence, attached to the North Atlantic blockading squadron, had been out two months and had not made a single capture. Officers and men were disgusted. Why they should have expected to capture anything in a sailing-vessel when the Confederates usually employed the swiftest steamers for privateers and blockade-runners is a question. One afternoon in late July the St. Lawrence under easy sail was swinging along to the southward of Cape Hatteras. A week before she had been spoken by a despatch-boat, which had transmitted a general order from the flag-officer commanding the squadron to the effect that a certain Confederate privateer called the Petrel was fitting out in Pamlico Sound for a dash to sea, and that all the ships of the squadron were cautioned to look out for her.

"Nice notice to send us," remarked Smith, who was the executive officer of the frigate, to the second lieutenant of the ship. "We couldn't catch her with this old hooker if she were anchored. Oh, why don't they lay up this tub as a guardo or store-ship somewhere and give us a chance in a steamer?—something that has heels as well as guns?"

This was a poser for the second lieutenant. He did not attempt to answer it, but left Smith, who was enjoying a leisure hour, standing on the lee side of the quarter-deck staring over the rail at the empty sea and vacant sky to starboard. Empty sea and vacant sky? Well, not quite. When there was nothing else to command his attention Smith could always see Ellen Jones in the ambient on the horizon. He was looking straight west. Beneath the sky-line some fifty miles away rose the low sands of the chain of islands that separated Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds from the ocean. On one of the broad estuaries of Pamlico Sound stood the home of old Major Jones, Ellen's father. For aught Smith knew the object of his dreams was there. At any rate, he did not know that she was anywhere else, and he embodied her there without hesitation.

Major Jones was of somewhat humble English birth. As a child

he had come to the United States with his elder brother, a man of much shrewdness and mercantile ability. The elder Jones, who had settled in North Carolina, had amassed a considerable fortune. With an Englishman's love for position, he had succeeded in getting a commission in the army for Ellen's father. While Smith had been stationed at the Brooklyn Navy Yard and Ellen's father at Governor's Island, the young people had met. Smith had loved madly, Ellen had been deeply interested. Her father had been absolutely opposed to Smith's wooing. He had sent him about his business; his brother's influence had been exerted, and the young man had been ordered away on a three-years' cruise in Asiatic waters, whence he had just returned at the outbreak of the war.

The year before that Major Jones' brother had died, leaving him all his property in North Carolina. The Major had resigned his command and gone down to live on his brother's plantation, taking with him his daughter, his only child. Ellen, save for her inclination towards Smith, was still heart-whole and fancy-free. It is falsely urged that the absent are always wrong. Someone has said that a proverb is a lie or a platitude. In this case the wise saw quoted above was both. If she had been allowed free and unrestricted intercourse with the homely Mr. Thomas Beekman Smith, Ellen Jones might have found it impossible to have made him the object of her romance—which is going contrary to all the theories stated in the introduction! However that may be, severed from him by the stern edict of a practical parent, the interest engendered by the ardent wooing to which she had been subjected ripened into a deeper feeling. She grew to love the absent sailor almost as the absent sailor loved her. For his sake she had refused many offers of marriage which she had received both from the army and from the surrounding people of her North Carolina home. It is not only the superlative women who have men at their feet, be it remembered. The social position of the Jones family in proud, aristocratic tide-water North Carolina was only fair. Yet Major Jones had money, his daughter was distinctly likable, and of young visitors the plantation had not a few.

Smith had come back from his Asiatic cruise with a determination, fruit of three years of absence and repression, to seek Ellen and take her, willy nilly, for his own. The war had interrupted all that. When he might see her now was a question.

II.

A YANKEE TRICK

MR. SMITH'S reveries were interrupted, as the reveries of heroes upon ships are always interrupted, by the cry of,—
“Sail-ho!”

The keenest eyed on the frigate were kept constantly on the royal yards on the lookout. If the St. Lawrence did not catch anything, it would not be the fault of her Captain. So soon, therefore, as the approaching sail had been sighted, she was recognized as a small topsail schooner, just the size and description of the Petrel.

Inasmuch as it was highly improbable that any vessel of that size, save such an armed vessel, would be in those waters in war time, especially one heading towards the open sea, it was more than likely that the sail sighted was the Petrel. Originally the Petrel had been the revenue-cutter Aiken, a very swift goer—so swift that, although she was not a steamer, the Confederates had determined to risk her on a cruise. That the St. Lawrence, a heavy old fifty-gun frigate, could overhaul the light, dancing schooner was an impossibility.

Commodore Paulding, a resourceful old seaman, had been considering the matter since he had received the flag-officer's notice, and he had determined to effect by stratagem what he could not hope to accomplish by any other means. Happening to be on deck when the sail was reported, so soon as, through the officers whom he had sent aloft for the purpose, he had verified the report that indicated that she was the Petrel he resolved to run away!

Feeling sure that his great ship must have been observed from the small schooner, Commodore Paulding brought his frigate to the wind on the port tack and struck off at a broad angle from his former course directly away from the schooner, to the great astonishment of officers and crew. The evolution was observed from the schooner, which immediately changed her course so as to keep directly in the wake of the frigate.

"Wot's the old man up to?" growled old Bob Gantlin, chief boatswain's mate. "Here we air, arter two months out, an' not a shot o' prize-money in our locker! An' the fust time we raises a sailin' vessel an' gits a chance, we ups with our starn an' runs away from her!"

The Commodore's mysterious move was presently elucidated, for the men were sent to quarters, the guns were run in, loaded, and secured inboard, the port shutters were dropped, the openings for the gun-muzzles tightly closed; the men, save a few necessary hands, were sent below. The Commodore and his aides on the poop-deck removed their swords and uniforms, the yards were braced in and cock-billed slightly, and in a thousand little ways not intelligible to any but practised, trained observers the great frigate was given the appearance of a lumbering old merchantman. Observing too that he was not being overhauled so rapidly as he wished, the Captain got out drags astern, which materially decreased the speed of his ship. He told the helmsman not to keep too tight a luff on the frigate, but to let her go off to leeward gradually. Then everybody knew what was intended.

The manoeuvre—the ruse, rather—was completely successful. The Petrel was not manned by a body of experienced man-o'-war's-men, whom it might have been difficult to deceive, and seeing the old St. Lawrence lumbering away from them, apparently making every effort to escape, her people—long-shore, fresh-water sailors—came to the conclusion that a rich, old-fashioned merchantman—some of the East India ships at that time carried single topsail yards—was theirs for the taking. They cracked all sail on their little schooner, therefore, and drove recklessly after the flying frigate.

There was a long twenty-four pounder mounted on the Petrel's forecastle and two smaller guns, six pounders, in broadside. Under the circumstances, the chase was neither a long nor a stern one. Before evening the Petrel had drawn almost within range of the frigate. Not a gun could be seen on the St. Lawrence and but few men on her decks. Those aft were in their shirt-sleeves and wore straw hats and sea-boots, like merchantmen. Ranging along to windward of the chase, as the Petrel did, there was nothing to be seen of the main-deck of the frigate, anyway, on account of her heavy keel to starboard. Confident of their prey, the men on the Petrel cast loose and provided the long Tom forward quite after the manner of the old-time privateer, and sent a shot sharp across the forefoot of the supposed trader.

No attention whatever was paid to this threat by the St. Lawrence, and when it was repeated, although the ball came perilously near to hitting the bows of the old frigate, she still remained silent. By this time the Petrel was well abreast and slightly to windward of her supposed prey. Her men must have been a very stupid lot, for at that distance it should have been impossible to escape the conclusion that they had a huge, old-fashioned man-of-war under their lee. Possibly they had so thoroughly absorbed the idea that they were chasing a merchantman in the ardor of their pursuit that their judgment was blinded. At any rate, the Petrel, confident of success, put up her helm and swooped down towards the frigate. The ports of the latter were thrown open as by magic. Huge black guns thrust their muzzles out over the sides, some of them speaking grimly and to a purpose. Two heavy bolts from long thirty-twos of the main battery ripped through the hapless Confederate cruiser. An eight-inch shell from the forward pivot exploded just as it struck the Petrel's side, tearing a hole in her big enough to drive a wagon through. The schooner was a total and absolute wreck. She careened and sunk in less than four minutes. The St. Lawrence stopped firing immediately she saw the plight of the privateer and put her boats over. They had barely reached the Petrel when she went down, carrying a number of wounded with her. The rest were brought back to the frigate amid the loud

guffaws of her officers and men. It was a huge sea joke, this, the capture of that saucy privateer in this way. Unfortunately, while the Petrel's men could not fail to see the point, the humor of it did not especially appeal to them.

The discomfited Confederates who were passed over the side of the frigate were not the only prize, however. The only member of the St. Lawrence's crew who suffered any hardship in the battle was Lieutenant Thomas Beekman Smith, who had got away in the first boat dispatched to succor the sinking Confederate privateersmen. Just as he reached the Petrel one of her officers darted across the deck and threw something overboard. Smith could swim like a fish. As the object flew through the air past his head he saw that it was a mail-bag. Too late to stop the man, he promptly dived for it, and by great good fortune caught it as it sank below the surface of the water. A dripping but triumphant figure, he handed it to Commodore Paulding at the gangway, then went below to the ward-room to change his clothes.

The mail-bag was a treasure-trove indeed. Shortly afterwards Lieutenant Smith was called to the cabin, where old Commodore Paulding sat in consultation with his secretary. There was an open letter spread out on the table before him.

"Mr. Smith," he began formally, "your quickness of thought and promptness of action, which I desire to commend, have done us a great service."

"Thank you, sir."

"I have examined the letters taken from the mail-bag. Most of them are personal and appear to be unimportant. This one, however, is of great interest. It appears that there is a new and formidable Confederate privateer being outfitted and prepared for cruising at Jones' Wharf, wherever that may be."

"I know about where it is, sir," volunteered Mr. Smith.

"Hey! what!" exclaimed the Commodore. "Have you been in these waters before, sir?"

"No, sir, but it is on one of those estuaries opening off Pamlico Sound between the Neuse and the Pamlico Rivers, and is the private property of Major William Henry Jones, formerly of the United States Army."

"Exactly true," said the Commodore, looking at the letter again. "That's the man. Do you know him?"

"I did, sir, before the war. He was then a major of artillery and was stationed for some time at Governor's Island. He—" Smith hesitated.

"Well, sir?" interrogated the Commodore impatiently.

"He—he had—a daughter, sir."

"Oh, I see," smiled the old man. "Well, he has a privateer now. What was his daughter's name?"

"Ellen, sir."

"That's the name of his privateer. I gather from this letter that she's all ready but her armament. This is to be brought to her from the Bahamas by the blockade-runner Greyhound. This schooner we have just sunk was to lie off the mouth of the inlet and pilot the Greyhound in. This letter is one from Jones to her Captain. It gives in detail the night and day signals by which the blockade-runner was to recognize the privateer and encloses a part of a chart."

"What a pity," murmured Mr. Smith, "that we were so precipitate in sinking her."

"Ay," said Commodore Paulding. "However, that can't be helped now. We must do the next best thing. It seems from this letter that the blockade-runner is not expected for a week yet. I have decided to run up to Fortress Monroe and get a schooner, if I can, and rig her up to look like this privateer. Then I intend to put you aboard her in the hope that you can capture the Greyhound. After that you must go in with her and destroy the privateer."

"Ay, ay, sir," said Smith, grinning with delight; "I'll do it."

"How will you proceed?" asked the Commodore.

"Why, sir, I'll lay off the mouth of the inlet and keep watch for the Greyhound. When I sight her I'll make the signals and go aboard her and take possession. Then I'll tranship my crew to the Greyhound, take her through the inlet, cross the sound, go up the river, lay the blockade-runner alongside the Ellen under pretence of bringing her the guns, and take her by boarding."

"That's very well, indeed, so far as it goes," said the Commodore, smiling at his eager subordinate, "but what will you do then?"

"Bring out the privateer, sir."

"But if you cannot?"

"Destroy her, then."

"How will you get back, then?"

"I'll not be thinking of getting back in that case, sir," answered Mr. Smith gravely.

"But you must," said the Commodore impressively. "It will be a touch and go at best, but I do not wish to throw away any men or lives if I can help it. Besides, the more honor to you and to us all if you bring her out. I hardly suppose you can break through, but certainly you must do your best to get back safely."

"I shall, sir."

"I sent for you thus early," continued the Commodore, "that you might have ample time to mature your plans. We ought to fall in with the fleet day after to-morrow. The Greyhound isn't expected

for a week. Our privateering Captain evidently thought himself at liberty to cruise on his own hook for a few days before he attempted to deliver his message, and came to grief, luckily for us. That's all."

"Beg pardon, sir," said Mr. Smith, "but may I have the letter?"

"Certainly," said Commodore Paulding, handing it to him with the half chart. "Don't lose it. It's a valuable document."

Smith, with his pulses throbbing, his heart beating, took the papers and walked out of the cabin. The *Ellen!* And he was going to capture her! The privateer, not the woman. Well, it would go hard if in the mêlée he did not get a chance at the woman as well as at the privateer.

III.

THE PLAN THAT DID NOT WORK

FORTUNE favored Smith. Fortune seems to have a weakness for the Smith family, paralleled only by a similar feeling for the Jones family—there are so many of both in the world, and playing great parts too! If fortune had not been kind to them, they would have died out long since, as other great families have become extinct.

The St. Lawrence fell in with the flag-officer the day after she sank the Petrel. The fleet was busy at its anchorage off Old Point Comfort, getting ready for an expedition, presumably destined against the forts guarding Hatteras Inlet, the first naval objective of the war. Among the vessels assembled there was a small schooner which had been a revenue-cutter, the Upshur. This vessel happened to be an exact model of the Petrel.

The flag-officer entered heartily into the plans of Commodore Paulding. The Upshur was turned over to the St. Lawrence, Smith was given command of her with fifty gallant tars from the old frigate, with Midshipmen Brown and Robinson as his assistants, and old Bob Gantlin, chief factotum, for a crew. It was a hard task to reject the three hundred and fifty-odd men, volunteers all, who begged to accompany the chosen fifty from the crew of the St. Lawrence.

The flag-officer did more than Commodore Paulding suggested, or even desired. Paulding had determined to support the attack himself with his sailing frigate. Very dubious, in spite of the successful ruse by which the Petrel had been overcome, as to the suitability of the old frigate for such duty, and very desirous of apprehending the Greyhound, ruse or no ruse, the flag-officer decided to assign to the duty the new and extremely fast gunboat Wamego. It was believed that nothing on the ocean had the heels of the Wamego, fresh from the shipyard. She had shown marvellous speed on her trial trip, and it would be a greyhound indeed which could run away from her.

Commodore Paulding was given command of the ill-assorted squadron, and the three vessels got away three days after the capture of the

Petrel. Their uniforms had been taken from the surviving officers of the Confederate schooner and had been donned, so far as they went around, by the corresponding officers of the Upshur. Someone had been careful to secure the Confederate flag and the private signals from the sinking Petrel before she went down. Sailors' eyes are keen for details, and many had marked the way the privateer had been painted, so that it was easy to duplicate her outward appearance. It would need a very near inspection indeed to show that the Upshur was not what she appeared to be.

The Commodore disposed his ships in the following manner: the St. Lawrence hull down to the northward of Ocracoke Inlet, the Wamego hull down to the southward, and the Upshur immediately off the entrance. There was nothing to do thereafter but wait. Two days after they arrived at their appointed stations the lookout who was kept constantly at the fore cross-trees on the Upshur sighted a steamer early in the morning.

Referring to his letter, which, indeed, he had studied until he knew it by heart, Smith struck his light sails,—he would have to effect the capture by strategy, not by speed, if the approaching stranger proved to be the Greyhound, of course,—retaining just enough sail to give his vessel steerage way, and hoisted the agreed signals by which the Greyhound, if such she were, could recognize the Petrel. The St. Lawrence and Wamego were well out of sight in the misty morning.

The schooner had been observed by the approaching steamer, which did not alter its course on that account. There was no harm to be expected from a small sailing schooner by a blockade-runner, and as the Greyhound was looking for just such a vessel in order to get pilotage through the inlet, across the sound, and up to Jones' Wharf, she came on hopefully and fearlessly. Her Captain, however, was greatly pleased when he saw the private signal flying from the foretopmast head of the schooner. He immediately set the answering signal in accordance with the agreement, and, having approached within hailing distance, he slowed down and stopped.

"What schooner is that?" he called out.

"The Confederate privateer schooner Petrel," shouted Smith, his voice thrilling with excitement. "What ship is that?"

"The blockade-runner Greyhound," answered the Captain of the other vessel.

"Good! We've been waiting for you for nearly a week."

"Have you anything for us?"

"Yes," answered Smith, "we're ready to pilot you in."

"How's the Ellen?"

"She's in fine shape," answered Smith; "only waiting for her guns to go out and give those damned Yankees——"

Just then a woman stepped to the side of the deck by the Captain.

"You know what?" continued Smith, waving his hand.

The Captain laughed, when Smith continued,—

"I'll come aboard you in a minute."

While this little conversation had taken place one of the Upshur's boats had been called away. Six men, all heavily armed, dropped into it. In the stern-sheets sat Midshipman Brown. Midshipman Robinson and Bob Gantlin were to remain in charge of the schooner. As the Greyhound approached, the tarpaulin covering the long Tom on the forecastle of the Upshur had been removed, the gun had been loaded, and everything made ready for its instant discharge. The smaller guns in broadside were also loaded and lightly secured. The men left on the schooner had been instructed previously just what to do in various contingencies, when Smith, in the uniform of a Confederate officer, stepped over the low rail and sat down in the stern-sheets of the boat.

In three minutes his boat was brought to alongside the blockade-runner. The English Captain, whose name was Evers, met him at the gangway as he boarded her.

"Captain Stanley, I believe," he said, extending his hand.

Stanley was the name of the Confederate Captain of the Petrel, for whom Evers was looking out.

"The same," said Smith gravely, motioning his men to come on board.

The first one had scarcely set his foot on the battens on the side, however, when the woman who had stood by the side of the Captain during the hailing, and had kept back of him during the conversation at the gangway, suddenly stepped into full view of the Greyhound's visitor. Smith turned at the same instant and the two were face to face. The woman screamed.

"Mr. Smith! Captain Evers, you are betrayed! This is a Yankee!"

As soon as Ellen Jones had called out, Captain Evers, who was a quick thinker, for an Englishman, realized that something was seriously wrong. He acted with the promptness of a sailor. The head of the first of the boat's crew was just peering through the gangway. Without a second's hesitation Evers, who was a powerful man, seized him by the shoulder and heaved him overboard. The man in the bow of the boat below was so astonished that he let go the ring-bolt with his boat-hook and a wave washed the bow of the boat a few feet from the blockade-runner.

Brushing aside Ellen Jones as if she had been a straw,—indeed, his impetuosity almost threw her to the deck, for she reeled back against

the fife-rail,—Smith sprang at the Captain. The two were locked in a desperate struggle in an instant.

"Four bells!" shouted the Captain, straining like a madman in the arms of the American. "Full speed ahead!"

"On board here, everybody!" roared Smith in the midst of the struggle.

Other officers on the Greyhound, however, had marked everything that happened. The first mate was a renegade Yankee and as keen as they make them. At the first indication of treachery he had signalled the engine-room. The screw was already in revolution and the Greyhound began to forge through the water. Mr. Brown here made a mistake. He started to pick up the man the Captain of the blockade-runner had thrown overboard. By the time he had the astonished sailor safe in his boat the Greyhound was in rapid motion, and he could not overhaul her.

Meanwhile half a dozen sailors had thrown themselves upon Smith and had dragged him from the Captain. All was not yet lost, however. Smith had prepared for the contingency which had arisen by certain orders which he had given to Midshipman Robinson. These orders were being carried out. A huddle of men forward on the Upshur were swinging the long thirty-two pound pivot. Whitley, the Yankee, was watching them, however.

"Captain Evers," he cried, "they're going to fire on us!"

It happened that a couple of rifles lay on the cuddy hatch-cover aft. Someone had been shooting that morning. Evers was a dead shot. He ran aft and picked up one of the weapons. The Greyhound was going faster every moment. The seriousness of the emergency had been communicated to the engineers and they were working for dear life. Fast as they might go, however, they were still within easy range of the thirty-two and would be for some time. A well-placed shot would end the usefulness of the Greyhound in short order.

Getting the thirty-two pounder trained to his satisfaction, Midshipman Robinson squinted along the breech for a last nicety of elevation before pulling the lock-string. At that instant Captain Evers fired. He had a small enough mark at which to aim, the top of the midshipman's head, and his nerves had not quite steadied themselves since his encounter with Smith, but his aim was sufficiently good. He just grazed the head of young Robinson, knocking him senseless. As the young man fell he involuntarily pulled the lockstring. The shell exploded in the water far to leeward of the Greyhound. The people on her imagined the midshipman had been killed.

The boatswain, however, was equal to the emergency. He rallied the men on the forecastle of the Upshur in a moment. The gun was rapidly sponged, loaded, and once more aimed at the flying steamer.

Evers fired at the gun captain again. This time he missed. The thirty-two pound shell exploded high in the air, carrying away the long, slender foretopmast of the blockade-runner. One or two of her people were hit by fragments of iron, but she was otherwise unharmed.

By this time she was doing justice to the name she bore. She was slipping through the water at a terrific pace. The third shot from the Upshur hulled her, but, luckily for her, the shell failed to explode. The fourth shot missed, the fifth fell far astern. The blockade-runner was out of range.

The Greyhound had been heading straight out to sea to get away from the pressing stranger. So soon as he was satisfied that he had nothing to fear from the schooner, Captain Evers consulted with Whitley as to what he should do next. He could either go back, out to sea, or to the northward or southward along the coast. He was in a dilemma, as was the mate also, as to which would be the best course.

"Perhaps I can help you," said the young lady whose quickness had saved them. "I know these coasts thoroughly. If you go to the north, you will be apt to meet a Yankee cruiser off Hatteras Inlet. Ten miles farther down there is another entrance to the sound through which I think we might manage to scrape our way."

"You saved us once, Miss Ellen," said Evers. "I want to thank you for telling us so quickly about this Yankee. Your advice is good. To the s'u'h'ard we'll go."

So to the southward the prow of the Greyhound was turned. Far in rear of her and dropping farther behind every minute came the Upshur, now with all sail set. Although it was perfectly useless, she kept up a fire at long intervals from her long gun forward. Not a shot came near the blockade-runner, however, and she ripped merrily along.

IV.

THE PLAN THAT DID

"Now, sir," said the Captain, turning to the unfortunate Smith so soon as he had a moment's leisure, "perhaps you will have the kindness to explain your proceeding."

The American officer had been held firmly by three sailors on the Greyhound. So soon as he had discovered that it was useless he had ceased to struggle. He was a wise young man and knew when was the time for a policy of non-resistance. So long as there was a chance of the Upshur sinking the blockade-runner he had devoted his attention to her. Now that the Greyhound had made her escape he devoted his attention to Ellen Jones. It was not thus he had hoped to meet her again. When she had confronted him on the deck of the ship his surprise at sight of her had been so great that for the moment he

had lost his presence of mind. If he had acted more quickly, he might have got his crew aboard, in which case there would have been a pretty mêlée on the decks with the chance that the Upshur could run aboard the Greyhound and end it all with her superior crew. That moment of startled surprise in which Miss Ellen had burst upon him had proved his undoing: not the first time in history that a woman had brought about such a result.

During the first few moments of the sharp engagement Ellen also had watched the schooner. She had grown deadly white when Captain Evers's first shot knocked over the midshipman. This indeed was war, and the sight was not pleasant to her. But she recovered from the shock presently, and when the escape of the Greyhound appeared assured, and Captain Evers prepared to interrogate his prisoner, she stepped to his side.

"The explanation, Captain Evers," replied Smith courteously,—there was nothing to be gained by courtesy and Mr. Smith was a very polite young man anyhow,—“is simple. We captured the Petrel a week ago. We found out you were coming in and lay in wait for you. That's all.”

“How did you find out we were coming, may I ask?”

“There was a letter to you on board with signals, directions for pilotage, and half a chart.”

“They did not destroy the mail-bag then?”

“They tried to, but I—we secured it.”

“Too bad. Where was the other half of the chart of which you speak?” asked the Captain curiously.

Naturally, Smith was looking at the woman before him. At the mention of the half chart and the Captain's question he noticed a quick, involuntary movement of Miss Ellen's hand towards her bosom.

“I don't know,” he answered, quickly looking away and hoping that the girl had not noticed his glance.

“Is that the Petrel yonder?” asked Evers, pointing aft towards the pursuing schooner fast dropping from view.

“No. I don't mind telling you that either. We sunk the Petrel. That schooner yonder is the United States revenue-cutter Upshur.”

“She's the living picture of the Petrel, though, according to my description of her,” said Captain Evers.

“She is. In fact, she's a sister ship, and we did our best to turn her into an exact duplicate of the Petrel. We were laying for you. Not so much for you as—”

He stopped quickly. There was no use in telling about his designs against the privateer. The game had only begun, and no one could foresee the end yet.

“Don't disdain us, young man,” laughed Captain Evers. He was

in high good-humor because of his escape from so formidable a trap. "We'd be worth nigh onto a hundred thousand pounds, I take it, to your Yankee cruisers, to say nothing of the guns for the Ellen, if you could overhaul us. Well, you would have had us sure if it hadn't been for this young lady."

"I realize perfectly," said Mr. Smith, with a grave bow towards her, "all that you and I owe to this young lady."

At this a pang of regret shot through the heart of the fair Ellen. Her lover looked so melancholy and miserable. Almost for a second she wished she had not interfered. The emotion was more than transitory too. Ellen was devoted to her father, but cared little for the Southern Confederacy. She was not Southern born, nor was he. He lived there, however, and, like many people in similar circumstances, he drifted with the State. He had resigned his command in the army before the war. He was not a native of the United States and, naturally enough, did not care particularly for the country. He was a shrewd man. He saw, or thought he saw, abundant opportunities for making money out of the war, hence his outfitting this privateer.

Having considerable money on hand just before the outbreak of the war, he had bought a new and very swift vessel, which he intended to use, with others in which he had an interest, in the cotton trade. Being a farseeing man, even before hostilities commenced he had determined, so soon as war was declared, to turn his steamer into a privateer and blockade-runner and prey on the Federal commerce. He had promptly ordered a new and expensive armament for her in England, which had been sent to New Providence, in the Bahamas, and which the Greyhound was bringing thence. He had a large interest in the cargo of that blockade-runner as well. He was a thrifty man and loved to turn a penny.

New Providence being an English settlement, Major Jones happened to have relatives living there. His daughter had been spending several months in that place. She was a woman of unusual capacity, and her father had taken advantage of her presence there to transact a large part of his business through her. It was she who had paid for and received the armament of her namesake; it was she who had arranged for its shipment, and she was now actually in charge of the Greyhound—strange position for a young lady! Of course, upon Captain Evers and his mates were devolved the duties of sailing the ship and delivering the cargo, but she, representing the owner, was supreme in other matters. Therefore, although he did not realize it, it was really she who had captured Mr. Smith rather than Captain Evers.

"Well," said the Captain, "you made a brave attempt and failed handsomely."

"No thanks to you, Captain."

"What's that?"

"It was entirely due, as I said, to this young lady."

"I—I-am very sorry," began Ellen.

"What!" exclaimed the Captain, looking hard at her. "Come, now, Miss Ellen! You're not sorry that you were not captured, surely! Why, that would about ruin your father, I take it. He owns most of this cargo, and without the guns we're fetching him the Ellen wouldn't be worth—what do you call it?—a cent."

"Certainly I am not sorry about that, but I feel very sorry for Mr. Smith. I knew him before the war, when my father was in the army. We're old friends."

"Thank you," said Smith gratefully.

"Friendship played you a sorry trick then," said the English Captain.

"I could not help it," exclaimed Ellen indignantly, as if she sought to justify her action to her lover.

"I don't blame you, Miss Ellen," put in Smith promptly, "you did what was right, as you always did."

Though he had failed for the present in his main end, perhaps he might get something out of the adventure after all, if nothing more than the commiseration of Ellen. He had heard that pity was akin to love, and perhaps if he could not secure one Ellen he might in some way, even though conquered, capture the other.

"Nevertheless, I am sorry that it had to be you," she continued.

"It's very good of you to say that," he said gravely, "but I have no fault to find. I'm glad it was I rather than another. I have the pleasure of seeing you again, and that is much. If you had kept still a moment longer my men would have been on board and I would have been your host instead of——"

"My prisoner," laughed Captain Evers.

"Not at all, Captain Evers," interrupted Miss Ellen with spirit, "it is my desire that you extend to Lieutenant Smith every courtesy. Let him be here as our guest."

"Oh, very well," said the Captain indifferently, "just as you say. It won't be very long, anyhow, before we get in, I trust, and then he'll be a prisoner of war. For the present you can have the run of the ship, Mr. Smith."

"Steamer ahead!" shouted a man on the lookout forward.

"Where away?" called out the Captain, turning from the other two and running forward.

"Ah!" ejaculated Smith, "that'll be my chance."

"I don't understand," said Miss Ellen.

"Right ahead, sir, coming down fast!" called out the lookout.

"By George!" cried Captain Evers, after springing up the fore-shrouds and taking a long look through his glass, "that'll be a Yankee cruiser certainly. Port your helm!" he shouted, "hard aport! Lay her head due east! Lively, men!"

He came jumping down the rigging and ran aft to see that his orders were promptly obeyed. In a few moments the Greyhound swept around and once more headed due east into the broad Atlantic whence she had come. It was the only thing she could do then. The schooner in her wake had edged out to sea. It was impossible for the blockade-runner to head north or hug the shore in an effort to make the inlet without coming in range of the Upshur's heavy gun. There was only one course open to her, and that was to run to seaward. The steamship they had just sighted was running down upon them at a rapid rate. So soon as her people discovered the Greyhound's attempt to get to sea they altered the course of their own vessel, laid her head about to the northeast, so that she ran along the hypotenuse while the Greyhound took one side of a right-angled triangle.

Captain Evers was a resourceful man and he decided, so soon as he got a sufficient offing, to clear the schooner to port, to change his course to the northeast so as to bring the pursuing stranger directly in rear of him and thus give him a better chance of escaping her. Just when he was about to do this, however, his lookouts reported another sail ahead.

That other sail was the frigate St. Lawrence. As was the custom, the two supporting ships, the frigate and the steamer, had closed in on the schooner during the night. Had it not been for the misty morning they would have been in sight of her when she had her brush with the Greyhound. As it was, the men on both ships plainly heard the sound of the firing. That it was continued was evidence that the blockade-runner had not succeeded in gaining the inlet and was running away.

Commodore Paulding had reasoned out the course of the Greyhound exactly. She would turn south and run into the Wamego. When pursued by the Wamego she would swing to the northeast. Therefore, instead of running down the coast in the wake of the schooner, he had flung every stitch of canvas on the yards of the old hooker—the wind was a fine royal breeze—and had legged it for the southeastward in the hope of heading off the Greyhound when she turned away from the gunboat, thus giving the Wamego a better chance to overhaul her.

In the hazard of the chase Captain Evers now did not dare take any risks. All the new screw sloops-of-war he knew were full ship-rigged and it might be that the stranger in the northeast racing along under a great press of canvas would prove to be the Hartford or the Brooklyn or one of the sister ships, although he did not think so. He

stared at her for a while, when Commander Paulding, who was a wonderfully tricky old sailor, added the last touch of deceit to his ship.

He piled barrels up amidships forward of the mainmast to look like a rude smokestack and made a smudge at the bottom of them. Black clouds of smoke came pouring out of the top. That was enough for poor Evers. He swung the Greyhound slightly away to the southward to get out of the enclosing net. Really, he had nothing to fear from any of his pursuers except the Wamego, but he could take no chances.

There had been no hesitation about the movements of the Union gunboat. Her Captain knew exactly what he wanted,—the Greyhound,—and he stuck to his course without deviation. Evers saw that his pursuer was fearfully near by the time his manoeuvres had been completed and he had settled on his course and was coming along like a hurricane. The Greyhound did not belie her name. She was a remarkably swift goer, and this time she was going for all there was in her. They fed her furnaces with rosin and tar. They battened down the safety-valves. Mr. Whitley, the mate, took the helm, but try as they might she lost ground steadily.

Smith stood on the quarter-deck a highly interested spectator of the pursuit. Near him Miss Ellen Jones also critically examined the chasing steamer. But little had been said between these two during these exciting manoeuvres. Their position was strange and unusual. Smith had a thousand things he would like to say to the woman he loved, but under the circumstances he felt that the initiative should come from her, more especially as he was her prisoner—although that would soon be changed. Unless something unforeseen happened he knew what would be the result of the chase. It was evident to everybody that the Wamego had the heels of the Greyhound, and that unless something gave way a few hours would see the blockade-runner overhauled and captured.

The two stood in silence for a long time. The Captain and his officers devoted themselves to the working of the ship and left them alone and undisturbed. Finally Smith broke it himself in despair of getting a word from her.

"Well, Miss Ellen," he said, "the gunboat is overhauling us."

"I see," answered that young lady anxiously. "You won't be my prisoner very long."

"I should like to be your prisoner always," said the man tritely but naturally.

"But not in the sense in which I first spoke."

"In any sense."

"How long is it since—since you—since we met?"

"Nearly four years, Miss Ellen, but I have never ceased to think of you—to love you in all that time."

"What! for four years?" laughed the girl, her pulses bounding.
"If it had been four hundred years, it would have been just the same."

"You are a miracle for a sailor. I thought they had sweethearts in every port?"

"I had one."

"What, sir!"

"It was always you, Miss Ellen."

"Thank you," she laughed. "That was prettily said. I am afraid that's the way they all explain it."

"It's true in my case, anyway. Do you know why I volunteered for this duty?—why I embraced it so gladly?"

"I suppose it was for the sake of capturing this blockade-runner and—"

"It was for your sake."

"How for mine?"

"I wanted to capture first the Greyhound, then your father's privateer, and most of all, you!"

"The Ellen?" she answered, disregarding this last remark.

"Yes, the Ellen, if you put it that way."

"You mean the privateer?"

"I mean you."

"But you will never capture—" She stopped.

"Never capture which?" he asked.

"The privateer or—"

"Don't say that, Miss Ellen."

"I will say it! Or me either!"

"If I mistake not," returned the young man coolly, casting a glance astern, "I shall have captured you in about half an hour."

"How dare you say such a thing!" cried the girl indignantly.

"I mean just what I say. That steamer yonder is the United States ship Wamego. She was stationed there to help me carry out this plan. So soon as she overhauls and takes possession of this ship I shall be in command of the Greyhound and all on board of her."

"It is outrageous!" exclaimed the girl, her cheeks flushing.

"I shall treat you, I assure you, with the same kindly consideration which you extended to me. You shall be my guest, as I have been yours."

"I will not stay on this ship with you a moment! I will board one of the other ships!"

"I wouldn't if I were you," said Smith, smiling genially; "you see, those are cruising vessels. They wouldn't care to have a woman

aboard—there are no conveniences for women passengers. They might not get a chance to land you for a month. I can put you ashore at your father's plantation."

"I don't care what you say, or what you offer to do, I won't stay on the ship with you, sir!"

"Did you ever hear, Miss Jones," continued Smith, still smiling pleasantly, "that prisoners of war must go where they are sent or stay where they are ordered?"

"Captain Evers," cried the girl imperiously, "I wish you would remove this prisoner at once! Put him in a cell, anywhere, out of my sight! He annoys me."

The troubled Evers looked from the girl, who deliberately turned her back upon him, to the smiling face of the young man.

"By all means, Captain," said Smith cheerfully, "do just what you like with me. Only I warn you that when you are overhauled by that steamer the treatment you mete out to me will be your portion."

"Well, you see, Miss Jones," began the puzzled Captain dubiously, "unless something happens we'll all be in this gentleman's power in a short time."

"Speak for yourself, Captain Evers," retorted Miss Ellen haughtily.

"But, Miss Ellen, I'm afraid it's true, and——"

"I shall go below myself then!" stormed the girl, "since nobody here pays any attention to my requests."

"That's all right, Captain," said Smith carelessly as the young lady stalked away and descended to her cabin, "don't mind her. She'll get over it presently. As for you, you know you have no chance at all to get away from yonder ship."

"What ship is it?" asked Evers.

"The United States gunboat Wamego."

"I see."

"I advise you to slow down and let her overhaul you without any further fuss. You're just wearing out your engines carrying on in this way."

"I'll be damned if I will!" said the Captain hotly.

"You'll be sunk if you don't. Look yonder."

He pointed as he spoke. There was a flash of light from the deck of the pursuing steamer, a puff of white smoke, the scream of a shell, which exploded in the water close aboard.

"That's good practice, Captain," continued Smith coolly. "There's another. You'd better stop in time. The third one will come aboard and somebody will be apt to be hurt. Here, I'll save you the disgrace of striking your flag. Surrender to me."

"Curse the luck, I suppose I'll have to," said Evers desperately,

throwing his cap to the deck in his disgust and turning away in deep dejection.

"Very good," said Smith, "the ship is mine then."

He ran to the peak halliards a few steps from him and struck the flag. He was just in time, for the gunners on the Wamego were about to send another shell from the hundred-pound pivot, this time into the quarter of the Greyhound. So soon as he hauled down the flag Smith ran forward to the break of the poop and signalled the engineers below to slow down. At the same time he ordered them to blow off steam and haul the fires. If the engines had been stopped abruptly under such a head of steam the danger might have been serious. Then he ordered the quartermaster at the wheel to put the helm up, and the Greyhound swung around and slowly moved towards the Wamego, which was also checked. The blockade-runner was captured, after all.

V.

THE BEGINNING OF THE GREAT ADVENTURE

So soon as it was safe the Greyhound stopped in obedience to signal. The Wamego ran alongside and Captain Chase dispatched a boat to the blockade-runner in charge of Lieutenant Dillingham. Mr. Dillingham's boat came to the side in a hurry. He and his men scrambled impetuously up the gangway as if they expected to meet with a furious resistance before they gained the deck. They were greatly surprised to find everything as quiet and peaceful as a country churchyard. Mr. Smith encountered them at the gangway. As it happened, Mr. Dillingham and he had never met before. As Smith was still wearing the Confederate uniform he had donned, the boarding officer naturally mistook him for the Confederate Captain. He saluted him gravely and asked,—

"Are you the captain of this ship, sir?"

"I am, sir."

"I am Lieutenant Dillingham, of the United States gunboat Wamego, and I have come to take possession."

"You have, eh?" said Smith, smiling. "Well, I guess not."

"What do you mean?"

"I am in possession of this vessel and I intend to remain so."

"If this is a jest, sir," said Dillingham gravely, "it is a very poor one. You are under the guns of the Wamego, you have struck your flag, and if you do not instantly yield me possession I shall proceed to take it by force."

"Why should I yield possession?" laughed Smith, who was fond of joking.

"Because you're a rebel and have been captured."

"I'm not a rebel."

"I don't care what you are. You're my prisoner."

"See here now, Dillingham——"

"Mr. Dillingham, sir. I've had enough of this." He turned to his men. "Just walk this gentleman aft, will you?"

"Well, if this isn't the most unkind treatment that an officer of the United States Navy ever received at the hands of his friends!" protested Smith quietly.

"An officer of the United States Navy!" exclaimed the astonished boarder. "Who are you, anyway?"

"Lieutenant Thomas Beekman Smith, of the United States Navy, executive officer of the St. Lawrence, lately in command of the United States schooner Upshur, and now in charge of this ship."

"Great Heaven! why didn't you say so before?"

"You didn't ask me, my young friend," answered Smith calmly. "You didn't give me a chance. You were going to take possession of me without giving me an opportunity to explain to you."

"But where are your men?" asked Dillingham, looking around curiously.

"I have none."

"Do you mean to tell me that you have captured this ship single-handed?"

"Absolutely alone," responded Smith coolly. "I didn't even have a weapon, as you see. The enemy yielded to moral suasion, wholly and solely. I guess I charmed them with my beauty." He shook his red head and freckled face in front of the other. "Seriously, though," he added, taking pity on the mystification of the young officer, "when they saw it was all up with them they kindly struck to me. If it hadn't been for you fellows on the Wamego I would have been looking forward to a rebel prison by this time."

"How did you get aboard?"

In a few brief words Smith explained the situation.

"So the lady betrayed you?"

"She did," answered the other quietly.

"Well," said Dillingham, "you have a chance to get even now."

"I have," returned Lieutenant Smith.

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

"With the lady?"

"No, with the prize. I wash my hands of women," continued the blasé young boarding-officer—he had just turned twenty-two, and therefore knew all there was to be known about the mysterious sex.

"Plenty," said Smith. "If you please, we'll secure the Greyhound's crew, overhaul the ship's papers, and lie to until the Commodore comes up with the old wagon yonder, and my detachment joins me from the little Upshur off here."

The Upshur was racing along far away. She had stopped firing her gun at last. She and the St. Lawrence were both coming up rapidly. There was enough work to occupy the two officers and their men until the Commodore arrived. The crew of the Greyhound were assembled forward. The officers were sent to their cabins and the papers were examined. With these various duties the time rapidly passed until the old frigate hove to alongside within easy hailing distance.

"Have you got her?" asked Commodore Paulding, standing on the weather rail.

To this utterly unnecessary question Smith answered in the affirmative.

"It was touch and go, however, Commodore," he called across the narrow space. "If it hadn't been for the Wamego yonder, the Greyhound would have got away from us, taking me along."

"How is that, sir?" roared the Commodore.

"It's a long story, sir. I'm coming aboard immediately and I'll tell you then."

Leaving Mr. Dillingham in charge of the prize, Smith was presently rowed to the frigate.

"Well, sir," he said as he saluted the Commodore, "I want to congratulate you, Commodore, on the richest prize that has been taken in this war. That ship and her cargo ought to total up something like four hundred thousand dollars. Besides the armament for the Ellen, she's crammed to the gunwales with military supplies, stores, medical stuff, clothing, everything that could be of value to the rebels."

"Good!" said the old Commodore, "we owe it all to you."

"No, sir. You owe very little to me."

"How is that?"

"I sighted the blockade-runner from the Upshur early this morning, set the private signals, and carried out the programme just as we had arranged it, until it came to the boarding part."

"You got aboard, though?"

"Yes, sir, but I hadn't more than put my foot on the deck when someone on the Greyhound recognized me. The Captain, a handy man with his fists and as quick with his wits, threw overboard the blue-jacket following me. I grappled with the Captain instantly and called for our men to board, but in the confusion the boat had gone adrift from the steamer. They got way on the ship immediately and by the time I had the Captain down she was skipping along at a terrific rate. The boat could not get alongside again. They made some good practice with the pivot on the Upshur but did no damage. By the way, sir, I have to report that Midshipman Robinson was shot by a rifle in the hands of Captain Evers while he was trying to fire the pivot. If it hadn't been for that the Upshur might have got her, or sunk her, alone."

"Beg pardon, sir," interrupted a midshipman at this moment, "officer of the deck's compliments, sir, and he says to tell you that the Upshur is alongside and reports that Midshipman Robinson is slightly wounded, no other casualties."

"That's good," said Commodore Paulding. "Go on, Mr. Smith."

"There's no more to tell, sir," said Smith.

"You have forgotten one item, though," said the old man; "who was it recognized you?"

"A lady, sir."

"God bless my soul! A lady? What lady?"

"Miss Jones, sir."

"What, the Ellen?" laughed the Commodore.

"The same."

"Well, that was hard luck."

"I'll call it very good luck, indeed, sir, if you will permit me," said Smith gravely, "so long as the Greyhound was captured eventually."

"Explain yourself," said Paulding.

"Well, sir, I don't mind telling you that I have been very much interested in Miss Jones for—for years."

"A constant sailor!" exclaimed the old Commodore, smiling. "They didn't make 'em in my day."

"I have no doubt we have degenerated since that time, sir," returned the Lieutenant, smiling in his turn. "I don't mind telling you, either, that her father will have none of me. Now that I have captured the ship, I shall have a chance to—er——"

"But you surely won't take the young lady with you when you cut out the privateer?"

"No, sir—at least, not exactly. Just before the fun begins I'll land her at some convenient place where she will be safe and can reach her father's plantation without difficulty."

"But—with your permission, of course, since you are an interested party," laughed the Commodore—"perhaps it would be better to have her on the frigate."

"That wouldn't do at all, sir," said Smith eagerly; "you may not be returning to a harbor for a month, and I'm sure you wouldn't care to make a young lady a prisoner of war."

"Are there any other women on the blockade-runner?" asked Paulding, intent upon the proprieties.

"Her maid and several other servants, I believe, sir."

"Oh, very well, have it your own way. I suppose you want to cut out both Ellens in the same job. But mark this, young man. Remember that the Ellen—the privateer, I mean—is the prime object of your endeavors, not the lady."

"I shall remember, sir."

"Have you any further suggestions or requests?"

"Yes, sir," answered Smith. "I think it would be well to tranship the cargo of the Greyhound. We have three vessels here and they can take the most valuable portion of it, so that if anything happens when I mix up with the privateer you'll still have something for your pains. We're not in a great hurry, I take it, to get at the privateer. She is helpless until we go in. The weather is pleasant and bids fair to remain so. The transshipment of the prize cargo should not be difficult."

"All right," answered the Commodore, "I'll attend to the matter at once. It's a good suggestion. Now, then, how many men will you want to go with you?"

"The fifty men that you detailed to the Upshur will be enough. There won't be much fighting, I imagine, but after we carry the Ellen we'll have to move quickly and I shall want enough hands to take both ships out easily."

"What will you do for a pilot?"

"I've thought of that," answered Smith promptly. "You recall that half a chart was enclosed in the letter?"

"But what can you do with half a chart?"

"I think I know where the other half is. If I don't, I'll manage somehow. I'll impress one of the natives and threaten him with instant death unless I am shown the way."

"Very well, Mr. Smith, have the men transshipped from the Upshur at once. I will send another crew on board of her. Do you want any more officers?"

"No, sir. If Robinson is all right, he and Brown with old Bob Gantlin will be all that I require."

"Good," said Commodore Paulding, "I shall support you so far as I can with the frigate and the gunboat, and if you're not out, or if I hear nothing from you in two days, I'll send the gunboat into the sound, so far as is safe, on the chance that I may save some of you or help you to get away in boats. Do your best. Remember that the destruction of the Ellen is a matter of great importance to the country. At whatever hazard, she must be prevented from getting away. Save yourself and your men if possible and—hark you—don't let a woman get athwart your hawse!"

"No, sir," answered Smith.

"By the way, you will need a couple of engineers. Ask Captain Chase to detail two skilled machinists from the Wamego for that purpose."

"Yes, sir."

"I'll send a heavy detail over to the prize at once to unlade the cargo. You look after the job. First of all, we'll take the captured crew on board the St. Lawrence."

In a short time the sea was white with boats busy about the various details of transshipping the cargo of the prize to the other ships. For two days the work continued. Fortunately, the cargo was of such a character that there was little difficulty in breaking it out and transshipping it to the other vessels, and, fortunately also, the weather served them.

Miss Ellen, who with her black maid and two black men-servants remained on the Greyhound, kept closely in her state-room during the whole period. She had protested against the orders that detained her on board the blockade-runner. She had demanded to see Commodore Paulding. Having squared matters with that gentleman beforehand, the inexorable Smith had refused to entertain her protest or to grant her request. The young lady had never been so commanded before and was forced to endure her situation, which she did with a very ill grace, to be sure. After one stormy interview—stormy on her part, that is—she positively refused to see her lover again. Her meals were served to her in her cabin. She did not even come up on deck to get a breath of fresh air. All communication with her was through her maid.

Mr. Smith was a very busy man during the two days, and being something of a philosopher he reasoned that it was just as well the woman should be out of the way,—under the circumstances,—so he had not sought energetically to disturb her until the morning of the third day. All preparations having been completed, the engines were started and the Greyhound, much lighter than she had been before, moved towards the inlet, which gave entrance to the sound, on her daring adventure, encouraged in her departure by the cheers of the men of the remaining ships.

For the present Commodore Paulding determined to keep the frigate and the gunboat and the schooner well away from the shore, so as to excite no suspicion in case there should be any lookouts watching for the arrival of the blockade-runner.

Having set the watches and seen that everything was in order, putting Mr. Brown in charge of the deck, the weather being calm and pleasant and nothing to be feared, the coast being some twenty-five miles to the westward, Captain Smith—for so he may now be called by courtesy—went below to his cabin. There he summoned Chloe, Miss Ellen's maid, and directed her to inform her mistress that Captain Smith desired her presence in his cabin.

VI.

MISS ELLEN YIELDS TO FORCE ALONE

It had been easy enough for Miss Ellen to immure herself in her state-room as a city of refuge. The gentle urging of her lover that she come forth upon the deck, especially in the evening, when work

was in a measure intermitted, had only intensified her determination to stay where she was. Although she was a prisoner, although she had been refused permission to go aboard one of the other ships, although she had not been permitted to see the commanding officer, there was a sense of luxury and satisfaction in the thought that she could, nevertheless, thwart the imperious Captain by disregarding his wishes even in small matters.

He had spoken to her outrageously during the chase by the Wamego. He had treated her with no consideration afterwards,—so she thought,—and she determined to pay him up by being as contrary and as obstinate and as self-willed as possible. When he ceased to ask her to come on deck, however, when he acquiesced in her decision and left her severely alone in her self-enforced isolation, the rôle she was playing lost its charm, and naturally her eagerness to get out of what she now thought of as a hateful little hole increased in proportion to his indifference.

If she could have manufactured an excuse adequate to the complete reversal of her determination, she would have been out long since. Her pride, however, of which she had great stock, kept her in. She went through a whole gamut of emotions. First she would and then she wouldn't; then she could and then she couldn't. In the end, torn by all sorts of conflicting feelings, she did nothing. Resentfully, she stayed where she was.

When Chloe delivered the Captain's message she received it with an immediate throb of gladness. The longer she was deprived of the sight of her lover, albeit he was not a particularly handsome object, the more she wanted to see him. Again, she didn't know what was going on, exactly, that is, during her seclusion, and as curiosity is nearly as strong in woman as it is in man, she wanted to know where she was to be taken, what was to be done with the ship, and how the Ellen was concerned.

Nor was there any satisfaction in thwarting a man who was so hatefully willing to be crossed! That morning, therefore, she had about made up her mind to go on deck, excuse or no excuse. Smith's harmless message instantly changed her decision irrevocably. His authority could be braved, after all, and she would brave it.

"Tell him," she said, shutting her lips tightly together, her blue eyes sparkling with a fire that made them almost black,—violet, I should say, if I were writing romance instead of chronicling facts,—"tell him that I do not wish to see him. That I do not intend to see him. That I shall stay here in the prison in which he has thrust me until he is ready to put me ashore."

"Yas'm," said Chloe, rolling her eyes at this portentous message, accompanied, as it was, by every mark of indignation and disdain.

"Cap'n Smif, suh, Missy Ell'n, she say she ain't gwine ter come out'n de doah. She doan lak yo'. She doan have nuffin' ter do wid no Yankee po' white trash. She gwine ter stay in dat ar prisom cell twell you-all gwine ter th'o' her on de sho'. She moughty enrage, suh. Yo' betta done lef her 'lone. W'en Missy Ell'n git mad, suh—u-u-m!"

"Did she say those things just as you repeated them?" asked the Captain, smiling in glee at the excited sable messenger of his god-dess.

"Well, suh, not prezactly dat a-way, but I sensed 'em right, an' I gibs yo' de substantiate of it."

"Did she use the words 'poor white trash'?"

"Yas, suh, she did dat. Golly, she mean 'em too!"

Now the state-room in which Ellen had confined herself opened into the main cabin in which Smith sat. All that was said in the main cabin was distinctly audible in the state-room, and vice versa. As Chloe proceeded solemnly to asseverate that her message had contained the insulting language in question Ellen could stand it no longer.

"You wretched girl!" she cried vehemently from the recesses of her apartment, "I said nothing of the kind."

"Woman, what do you mean?" thundered Smith, rising and standing over the frightened black woman in a mockery of menace. "Do you not know that I am the captain of this ship? This is rank mutiny! I can hang you to the yardarm for it."

"Oh, fo' de good Lawd's sake, Massa Cap'n, please doan do dat!" groaned the servant, falling on her knees and turning gray with terror.

"Chloe," again interrupted Miss Ellen, pulling aside the curtain that hung before the slatted door through which she could see her woman on her knees before the Captain, "get up! He won't hang you. He's only trying to frighten you. Noble work on the part of a sailor, but we might expect that from——"

Captain Smith laughed.

"I spare your life this time, poor, trembling, downtrodden female," he said dramatically, "but beware!"

"Yas, suh, I'll bewah, 'deed I will, sho', suh! Jes' lemme go dis time."

"Go back to your mistress," said the Captain gravely, "and tell her that as captain of this ship I order her to appear before me immediately!"

The frightened Chloe, not at all reassured by her mistress's ejaculation, struggled to her feet and burst into the little state-room again.

"Fo' de Lawd's sake, Missy Ell'n, yo' bettah come right inter de big cabin. Dat outdacious man he say yo' got ter. He done gwine hang me by de t'roat twell I's daid inter de back yard yondah to onct!"

"I made no such threat, woman," called the Captain, elevating his

voice, "I simply told you to tell your mistress that I commanded her presence here at once."

"Yas, suh. Dat's w'at I done tolle huh," answered poor Chloe.

"Tell him from me," returned Miss Ellen promptly and firmly, "that while he commands the ship, he doesn't command me. I won't come!"

In another moment the trembling Chloe stood before the inexorable Captain, who was greatly enjoying the situation.

"Oh, good, kin' Massa Cap'n," began the negro deprecatingly, "dat po' li'l lamb yondah, she can't come, suh, she's sick, suh. She'd like ter 'bey yo' ordahs, suh, but she's done got dat rheumatics in her laigs an' ——"

"Chloe!" cried a scandalized voice from the state-room, "tell him I won't come and say nothing more."

"Um!" said Smith. "You go back again and tell your mistress that if she doesn't come here willingly I'll have her brought."

"Yo-all betta done come out, Missy Ell'n," said poor Chloe, "er dat man gwine ter have yo' fotched. He sho' 'nough am."

"He doesn't dare," said Miss Ellen in a very loud tone of voice, not choosing to avail herself of Chloe as a further interpreter.

Captain Smith instantly accepted her challenge.

"Orderly!" he called in a loud voice.

A sailor standing outside the door forward in the main bulkhead opened the door, stepped inside, knuckled his forehead, and made a sea-scarpe.

"Send me the bo's'n's mate and two seamen here immediately," said Captain Smith.

"Ay, ay, sir."

A few moments after old Bob Gantlin, followed by two other seamen, shuffled into the cabin.

"Bos'n's mate," said Smith austereley, pulling out his watch as he spoke, "if by the time I count fifteen the young lady in the starboard cabin yonder is not in this cabin, you and your mates will go in and bring her here. Handle her gently, using as little force as necessary, but do the job up handsomely."

"W'ot! me, sir, lay a feemale aboard, sir?" expostulated the old sailor feebly.

"You heard my orders?"

"In course, sir, but——"

"Well, then, stand by to carry them out."

"Ay, ay, sir," said the gallant old tar thus adjured, his eyes rolling about terrifically at the thought of the dire prospect before him.

"One!" counted the Captain, looking solemnly at his watch.

"He would never dare!" murmured Miss Ellen under her breath.

"Two!" said the Captain imperturbably.

"I'll die first!" she continued, while the remorseless count went on; but in spite of her agitation she took good care not to lose track of the count.

At fifteen the Captain closed his watch and nodded. The old boatswain's mate made a step forward slowly and hesitatingly. He was followed at some distance by his mates. Evidently they relished their job no more than he did. The big-footed men slowly shuffled across the deck. It seemed to Smith, who was coolly watching the performance, that it would take Gantlin and his mates an hour to get to the state-room door at the rate they were travelling. The old man had his right arm extended in front of him as if to ward off some possible attack. He had removed his chew of tobacco before he entered the cabin but his jaws were working as if within them was the usual quid, whether from habit or nervousness could not be told. He shot an appealing glance at the Captain, but that young man was unrelenting. He motioned to him to go on.

If there was comedy in the cabin there was tragedy in the state-room. The girl did not believe that such a thing could be possible. That the man who pretended to love her, even if he were captain of the ship, would resort to such an expedient, had seemed incredible, yet here the men were approaching her door. She stood with clenched hands, flushed face, heaving bosom, the picture of indignation tempered with a deadly fear. She would have given a year of her life for a stout, solid door and a lock and key. She waited until the last second during the slow approach of the sailors, hoping that before the seamen entered her state-room Smith would call them back. But no welcome suspension of the order fell upon her ear.

Chloe had sunk to the floor and was sobbing wildly, clinging to her mistress's skirts. Just as Smith had about concluded to stop the boatswain's mate and give it up as a bad job, a self-confessed failure, Miss Ellen's courage gave way, or perhaps it were better to say, under the circumstances, her rage overmastered her. In a perfect tempest of passion she suddenly threw open the door and dashed out.

The boatswain's mate had his hand extended in the very act of turning the knob. Her sudden action completely threw him off his balance. With a howl of terror he went down in a huddled heap on the deck. He would have boarded an ironclad and have enjoyed the chance, but this was more than he could face. As he fell his mates tripped over him and the whole party went reeling back in wild confusion. They didn't stop for orders, for explanations, for anything else. With a wild yell the two seamen bolted out of the cabin door followed by old Gantlin on his hands and knees. It was a most ignominious retreat!

Miss Ellen's entrance had been most dramatic. But then the thin division between tragedy and comedy was broken through by the assistance of the unlucky Chloe. As her mistress had stepped through the door she had pulled herself away from the terrified maid, but Chloe, thinking perhaps to go to a brave death with her mistress, had lunged after her, fallen at her feet, and again caught her around the skirts. A little pitch of the ship sent her mistress straight into the arms of the Captain. He caught her skilfully and before she knew what he was about he set her down on the transom—rather harder than he had intended, owing to an unlucky roll, it must be admitted. Miss Ellen sat up with a feeling like that of a recalcitrant child who had been violently thrust into a seat.

"This is positively outrageous!" she cried.

"Oh, please, suh, deah, kin' Mass' Cap'n, doan hang us bofe in de back yard, suh."

"How dare you!" raged Miss Ellen, furious with anger at the Captain.

"Deed, suh, ef yo' mus' tek' anybody, forgib dat po' li'l' lam' an' tek—"

"Silence!" cried Miss Ellen. "He's not going to hang you!"

"I ain't ca'n' fo' masef, suh. Ma thought is jes' fo' ma young missy. Ma t'roat am jes' aikin' fo' de rope, suh, ef he'll only lef yo' go, Missy Ell'n."

With a preternaturally grave expression—he was ready to shout with laughter, it was all such fun, but this would have ruined him forever in Miss Ellen's eyes—Captain Smith hauled Chloe to her feet, and telling the frightened servant that no harm would come to her now that her mistress had so graciously complied with his request, he calmed her down and ordered her to leave the cabin.

"Don't go, Chloe," said Miss Ellen sternly.

The Captain pointed his inexorable finger at the door.

"Deed, Missy Ell'n, I's got ter. Can't nobody refudge ter 'bey dat Massa Cap'n."

"You can stay outside within call," said Smith, "I wish to speak to your mistress alone."

Chloe turned and, with a deprecating look at her indignant young mistress, shuffled out of the cabin.

VII.

THE DESPERATE DETERMINATION OF THE CAPTAIN

MISS ELLEN had risen from the transom, whereon she had been seated, and now confronted her oppressor with the mien of an angry goddess.

Things go by contraries. Never in her life had Miss Ellen looked

so nearly beautiful as she did at that moment. Probably never would she look so nearly beautiful again. At least, that was the testimony of her lover. Never, on the contrary, were his homely and commonplace features more clearly realized than during that clashing of will with the woman he loved. At least, that was what she told herself. Yet while she vowed in her heart that she hated him there was in her mind a certain amount of respect for him for the successful method by which he had extracted her—the word is apposite, it was more like a dental operation than anything else!—from her cabin. As a preliminary to the conversation he resumed his seat at the table and at the same time courteously motioned her to sit down, saying:

"You would better sit down. Our conversation may be extended, and you will get very tired standing up, Miss Ellen."

"You brute!" she cried, "I never was so insulted in all my life! Those great, hulking men to drag me out!"

"They didn't lay hands on you, did they?"

"If they had, it would go hard with them," said Miss Ellen, glaring at her captor savagely. "If I had a weapon, I'd kill all of you!"

"How fortunate," said Smith persuasively, "that you are armed in beauty and womanhood alone."

An angry flush greeted this courteous and delicate compliment.

"Seriously, though," he continued, "I entreat you to sit down, dear Miss Ellen."

Miss Ellen stared at him in silent contempt for the moment. The wind was freshening; the ship was rocking and pitching quite perceptibly. As she gave no sign of compliance with his request in spite of her unsteady footing, he too arose.

"The pitching of the ship is so great," he remarked, "that I shall probably be under the happy necessity of assisting you to keep your feet if you choose to remain standing. Allow me."

"Anything rather than that," said the perverse young lady, promptly sitting down.

"I thought I could get you down," he retorted with provoking coolness.

"Indeed," she went on hotly, only restrained from bobbing up again by the silliness of such a performance, "I am alone and helpless. You have the brute strength to compel me to obey your command."

"I am glad you appreciate your position, although you state it with unnecessary harshness," said the Captain gravely.

"It is the truth that is harsh, not my stating of it," she replied deftly.

"However that may be, Miss Ellen, you must know that I have loved you for four years, and——"

"Did you drag me out here to tell me that?"

"Partly."

"I admire your gentle method of wooing a woman," she replied caustically.

"I am glad it pleases you," he returned smoothly, "for I will admit that my dearest hope is some day to hear you say that you will 'love, honor, and—obey' me at the altar."

"You will never hear me say those words!" stormed Miss Ellen; "and if I can get the ear of any other foolish woman who may be inclined thereto, I shall relate this little scene as an evidence of your character and prevent her, if possible."

"Your solicitude for my future, Miss Ellen——"

"Miss Jones, if you please!"

"Is truly touching. I may not hear you say for some time that you will love, honor, and obey me, but for the present you will do at least one of these things."

"Which one?"

"Obey."

The girl's hands gripped the arms of the chair. She shut her teeth tightly, but made no reply.

"I am hopeful too," continued Smith with portentous gravity, "even in spite of the disadvantage under which I labor in this interview, that you will also eventually do the other two whether you promise or not. Indeed, from what I know, I think you do love and honor me just a little bit, don't you?"

"You should not judge from the past," snapped Miss Ellen.

"Oh, then, you did?"

"I hate you now! That's all you need to know."

"That's just what I don't want to know," answered the Captain gently and smoothly, "and you will pardon me, I am sure, if I tell you that I don't believe that's quite true."

"Your beliefs, or non-beliefs, are nothing to me. You surely did not have me dragged from the cabin by force to discuss ethical questions of this kind, in which I assure you I have no interest whatever."

"No, you are right, although ethics is always interesting," assented Captain Smith. "I begged you to come out here to——"

"Begged me with a boatswain's mate and two ruffianly sailors," she interrupted scornfully.

"Quite so, poor fellows. Because I wanted a paper you possess."

"What paper?" cried the girl.

"The mate to this," answered the Captain, lifting up from the table the half chart of the estuary of Pamlico Sound. The original chart had been so torn in two pieces that no one in possession of a single piece could make head or tail of it.

"Where did you get that?" asked the girl impulsively.

"I took it from a letter addressed to Captain Evers, as you heard me say when I boarded the Greyhound. In the letter was a statement that the other half of the chart was in the possession of his passenger, the supercargo. You are she."

"What do you want with the chart?"

"That does not especially concern you."

"Courteous!" sneered the girl.

"Oh, well," said Smith equably, "I'm going in with this boat to cut out the Ellen, as you have probably guessed, and I want to know the way up the inlet. That's all."

"I suppose it is useless for me to deny that I had such a paper, but I refuse to give it up. It is concealed in this ship. If you find it, you can have it. You shall have no assistance from me in your search."

"I know exactly where it is," said Smith slowly.

"Impossible! You cannot!" cried Miss Ellen.

"It is on your person."

"What!"

"There," he pointed his finger straight at her. "When I was talking about the papers to Captain Evers I saw you make an involuntary movement towards the waist of your dress."

"I wish I had been paralyzed before—"

"It is still there, then?"

"Oh, why did I not destroy it?"

"You see, I was right. Please give me the paper."

"I will never give it up! Never!"

"Miss Ellen, speaking seriously—"

"Haven't you been speaking seriously before? Do you call the brutal insults to which I have been subjected, the attempt to drag me out of the cabin—"

"Miss Ellen," he protested, "not one of those men would have laid a hand on you. I was just about to recall them when you came forth."

"Oh," groaned the girl in agony, for that there was truth in his quiet assertion she instinctively recognized, "why didn't I wait?"

"Why, indeed? I wouldn't hurt a hair of your head!"

"What a cruel, ruthless jest you have played upon me!"

"No jest, I assure you. I had to get you out. That was the only way."

"Now that I am out, your power ceases."

"Listen to me, Miss Ellen."

"Miss Jones, if you please."

"Nonsense! I'll call you 'Ellen, darling' in another minute if you make further objection. My professional future depends upon my getting that paper. Without it I can do nothing. With it I can capture or destroy that privateer. As you know, I am utterly without

influence. I have no powerful friends. I must depend entirely upon myself. With that paper success is certain. Unless, in this enterprise at the beginning of the war, I embrace the opportunity presented, I shall be a failure. Above all other men I have cause to love the United States Government. I was a street waif. What I might have been had I not been trained and an opportunity given me I sometimes shudder to think upon. I have an opportunity here to do my country a conspicuous, a notable service; to repay in some measure what she has done for me. I love you with my whole heart and soul, I would do anything to spare you, but I must have that paper! And there is something more. I said that in capturing the ship that would not be all. I hoped to capture—to win—you also."

"Never, never!"

"I shall! I am an unknown sea-lieutenant now among many thousands, as insignificant as my name. I shall make myself something with this opportunity. In spite of your anger, I know—they say a woman always knows when a man loves her. Why shouldn't a man know when a woman loves him?—I feel that you do love me. When you have time to think calmly over the situation you will see that I am justified in my demand, and you will love me the more for not giving up to you now."

"What do you mean to do?"

She had grown very pale by this time and her voice was quite low and trembling.

"Don't ask me what I mean to do. Please do not put it that way. Give me the paper."

"I will not! Oh, that I were a man!"

"Miss Ellen, you must!"

"I swear I will not!" whispered the girl desperately.

"Then," said the young officer reluctantly, and he had now become almost as pale as the girl herself, "I shall have to take it."

"What!" she said. "You wouldn't dare——"

"To serve my country, to destroy that ship, and to win you, I would——" He stopped.

"You are a gentleman," she urged piteously.

"Miss Ellen, please give me that paper," he pleaded.

"No!"

She shrank away from him with her hands clasped upon her breast. Back she went till the bulkhead checked her retreat, and he followed her. He stepped nearer her, hesitated, then stopped.

"There is no other way," he whispered at last, "I must have it."

Perspiration stood upon his forehead. He moistened his lips, moved closer to her, and stretched out his hand.

"Don't!" she said imploringly, terrified, outraged, but resolute.

"If there were any women on the ship besides your servant, I would have them search you. As it is, it is better that I rather than another—"

He was very close now.

"For God's sake!" panted Miss Ellen, looking wildly about her for a way of escape in vain.

"The paper!" said Smith sternly. "I must have that paper!"

His hand touched her. He was in earnest then.

"Wait!" she cried, at last giving way before his desperate determination.

She hastily tore open two or three buttons of her waist with trembling fingers, thrust her hand inside, and drew forth the piece of paper, which she crumpled in her clenched fist. She made a quick motion as if to strike him with her hand or throw the paper in his face, but he caught her wrist in his iron grasp and drew out the paper. It was the half chart that he required. She stood before him abashed, shamed, yet almost beautiful in her indignation. He looked at her with a great sorrow, a great pity, in his glance. He would fain have taken her in his arms to comfort her, but he did not dare. She dropped to her seat, her head fell forward upon her arms on the table. She burst into a perfect passion of tears. He had survived her indignation, he had overcome her obstinacy, he had only been amused at her wrath. Her tears unmanned him.

"Forgive me," he pleaded, kneeling by her side and touching her bowed head tenderly. "Forgive me, I had to do it. Everything depended upon it. For God's sake, don't think so harshly of me."

"Won't you leave me alone now?" she sobbed brokenly, not lifting her head, but resisting him as best she could. "You have had your way."

"Say that you forgive me."

"I have nothing to say."

"At least, you will not hate me. Can't you see that I had to do it?"

"I have nothing to say, only if you have any feeling for me now, if you ever had any, you will leave me alone."

He rose and turned away in obedience to her insistence. It was all he could do. Outside the door Chloe was crouching.

"Go to your mistress," he said, "she is in trouble, poor child!"

"Wat he do ter yo', Missy Ell'n?" asked the faithful maid, seeing her mistress's desolation. "I gwine kill dat man ef he mistreat yo'. Wat he do?"

"Nothing, nothing," said Miss Ellen. "I hate him!"

But she said this very brokenly and with quite a different emphasis from that she had put upon the same words a little while before.

VIII.

MISS ELLEN IS HAPPY AND ASHAMED

As SMITH suspected, the two pieces of the chart put him in possession of sufficient information to enable him to find his way without difficulty up Jones' Inlet—for so the little estuary was named—to the wharf alongside which the Ellen lay. The position of the privateer was plainly marked. The inlet was a very crooked one, and a vessel coming in from the sound would not be discovered until she rounded a bend perhaps a quarter of a mile from the wharf at which the privateer lay.

The chart had been prepared by Major Jones himself, apparently, for it was very carefully and accurately made. It appeared that the country about the inlet was heavily wooded. Unless lookouts had been established along the shore the passage of the approaching steamer up the estuary could not be detected until she rounded the bend.

After studying the chart, Smith easily determined on his course of action. He would delay matters so as to arrive at the last turning just at sunset. This would give him time to swing alongside the Ellen and carry her by boarding in the dark. The ensuing night would favor his chance of escape. There was no indication of a fortification where the Ellen lay, or, in fact, anywhere along the inlet, which was of no great value to the Confederates, since there was no city on it, only a little fishing village of poor whites and a few free negroes at the mouth. Once Smith got the two ships away from the wharf and headed down the inlet he fancied there would be no difficulty in getting them into the sound. The only danger then would be from Confederate gun-boats patrolling the sound. He would have to deal with them as best he could.

It would have been easy for him to have armed the Greyhound before he started with the guns which she had carried for the Ellen, but that would alter her peaceful appearance and might be fatal to his success. It was necessary for him to carry everything by surprise. He had fifty of the best seamen in the United States Navy under him, two competent midshipmen, to say nothing of old Bob Gantlin, who, although he had been so ignominiously routed in the cabin, was almost as good as another fifty himself.

It was evening when the Greyhound ran through Ocracoke Inlet and anchored under the lee of one of the adjacent islands. If he could get an early start the next morning, he calculated that he could cross the sound and reach Jones' Inlet just about the time he had planned.

When he had finally returned to his cabin after his dramatic interview with the woman he loved, she had retired to her state-room. He had not ventured to disturb her during the day. For all his confident assurance in her affection, he was in a grave state of indecision as to

what course to pursue with regard to her. Certainly it was absolutely necessary for him to have that chart. Whether he would have gone to the length of taking it from her or not was a question which he could not decide. There was no need to decide it, anyway, he thought. She had spared him the final indignity of a search by yielding at the last moment. He had counted upon her doing so, as he had counted upon compelling her to enter the cabin at his summons through fear of the boatswain's mate. Later, in calmer moments, she might see that he had dealt with her gently, after all, and that he had done nothing to forfeit her esteem or affection—if by chance he had won it, as he hoped and believed.

Having made everything snug for the night, which was moonless and dark, and there being little fear of a disturbance, although a most careful watch was kept and everything was ready for instant flight should a Confederate cruiser or gunboat come alongside them to investigate, Captain Smith again ventured to send for Miss Ellen. He had no idea as to whether she would comply with his polite invitation or not. The probabilities, he thought, were against it. He was greatly surprised, therefore, when he saw her coming up the companionway to the deck, where he had awaited her. They were alone aft. Mr. Brown, who had the watch, had considerably gone forward, thus leaving the quarter-deck to the Captain. Miss Ellen's first words were not promising.

"You sent for me," she said coldly. "I am here."

"Pardon me, Miss Ellen, I only suggested that it would be pleasant for you, after the heat of the day, to come on deck for a turn or two before retiring. There is a cool breeze blowing and I thought you would enjoy it after your—"

He hesitated.

"Say it, sir! After my confinement!"

"I am sure," continued Captain Smith gently, "that your confinement was no work of mine."

"That's right, Captain Smith. Mock me, now that you have me in your power. You have insulted me so many times to-day that I really have lost all faculty of judgment or resistance."

"Don't say that, Miss Ellen! You are not here by my command."

"I have told you that your wishes were my commands."

"Would that they might always be!" he answered deftly. "Miss Ellen, can't you try to see things from my point of view?"

"I have no wish to see them from any point of view other than my own," returned the girl slowly; "it might, however, be useful to you to try to see your own actions from mine."

"What is your point of view, pray?" asked Mr. Smith with persuasive humility.

"That of a lonely, unprotected girl. A prisoner in the hands of my enemies——"

"I am not your enemy."

"Do not interrupt me, please. A woman whose situation ought to appeal to every man, much more to a man who pretends to love her——"

"I do not pretend to love you."

"I do not see how you could, but be that as it may, instead of respecting me you have grossly insulted me. You ordered me to come into your cabin as if you had been an autocrat——"

"No, only a captain."

"And when I refused—for why should I obey your orders?—you would have had me dragged into your presence by your Yankee hirings!"

"I told you that was only to—er—influence you."

"You meant to frighten me into obedience like a child, I suppose."

"Why should I wish you to be frightened?"

"I don't know why, but——"

"Indeed, Miss Ellen——"

"It is the truth, anyway. You did frighten me into complying. I yielded to force. After I came into your cabin you offered me a personal indignity——"

Her face flamed with color. Although he could not see it in the dark, he could guess it from the way she turned her head and the heaving of her bosom.

"You were actually going to search me! An unprotected, helpless woman! It was an outrage! I shall never forgive you, never!"

The recollection of the scene was so poignant that in spite of herself she raised her hand to her eyes and shut her lips tightly, endeavoring to keep back the tears.

"Would you rather I had detailed someone else to take that paper from you?"

She shook her head, unable to speak.

"Miss Ellen," went on the young man very gravely, "I have explained it all to you. I had to have that paper! There was no other way about it. I knew that you had it."

"Would you have taken it from me if I had not given it up?"

"Don't ask me that question," he answered, trying to spare her. "I hoped to persuade you into giving it up."

She would not be put off, however. Impulsively—as has been seen, she was very quick and impulsive in her disposition and temperament—she turned towards him.

"Tom," she said quickly, forgetting for the moment the estrangement and reverting to the habit of the past, "I used to believe that

you were a gentleman, that you would not lie. Tell me. Would you have taken that paper from me?"

"Yes," said the man hoarsely, "I would."

"It's all up with me now," he thought, "this will be the end of me."

The truth, however, was the luckiest thing he could have told her. There was a relief in his assurance which was almost too great for words. Mingled with her indignation was a bitter resentment at the thought that he had tricked her into coming into the cabin at his summons, and then tricked her into giving up the paper. The feeling that if she had made a more stubborn resistance, he would neither have entered the cabin nor have allowed his men to do so was most galling to her. And the fact that her dispossession of the chart was inevitable greatly comforted and relieved her.

"I suppose," she said, "it wasn't a trick then?"

"It was not."

"Would you have sent those men in there to drag me out? You told me you would not."

"That was true."

"How would you have got me out then?"

"I should have gone in for you myself."

"And you would have dared lay hands on me! On the woman you—love!"

"Listen to me, Ellen. For you, for my country, I would dare even your displeasure, which I trust is only temporary. See how it stands. Your father would have none of me before. Now that the war has started and we are on different sides in this great struggle just beginning, he will be more bitterly opposed to me than ever. This adventure gives me a hold upon him by means of which I hope to win you. If I capture the privateer——"

"Would you give her up to him for me?"

"Miss Ellen," said Mr. Smith quietly, "you have faulted me for my conduct towards you this afternoon with some degree of justice, perhaps. That last remark, however, has struck the balance between us. If you think so meanly of me as to suppose that I would be false to my duty, sacrifice my country to my own personal affection, great though it is, then, and for the first time since I met you, do I despair of ever winning you for my own. I know you could never love where you did not respect, and you could not respect me if you believed me capable of that. I asked you to come on deck that you might enjoy the evening. I see now that you can enjoy it better alone. I will communicate my intentions with regard to you to-morrow. Good-night."

He bowed gravely, and turning on his heel stepped forward. In two bounds she was by his side.

"You shall not go!" she said passionately. "Why do you always put me in the wrong? I meant nothing. It was just a chance——"

"To say a bitter thing? Well, you said it. Thank you. It's what I might expect from such an affection——"

"Stop!" she cried. "Who said that I had any affection for you?"

"I thought so."

"And you think I could retain it after this morning?"

"I thought so."

"Oh, you are impossible!" cried the girl.

He changed his attack swiftly.

"Have you retained it?"

She parried the question deftly, satisfied with her success in detaining him.

"In what way would your success with the privateer enable you to win—me?" she asked softly.

"I hoped to capture your father with the ship. I reasoned that so soon as the Greyhound was seen coming around the bend he would board the Ellen to receive us. With him in my power, I intended to offer him his personal freedom in return for his consent to our marriage."

"Did you think so meanly of my father as to believe that he would be a party to a bargain of that kind?"

"No," answered the young officer quickly, "hear me out. I knew that, being an honorable and brave old soldier, he would refuse that proposition."

"You have not misjudged him."

"But I thought that you might be moved by love to secure his freedom."

"By my own slavery?"

"By marrying me. By letting me love you for the rest of my life. You would be my captain."

"To-day looks like that, doesn't it?"

"You must not judge by to-day. The circumstances were unusual."

"I fancy circumstances are always unusual when a man wishes his own way."

"I do not care anything about having my own way ordinarily—where you are concerned, that is," smiled Mr. Smith, "if I can only have you. You can have your own way."

"And do you propose to carry out this little plan now?" she asked.

"I do."

"And you wish to win me, force my consent, by the threat of a Northern prison for my father?"

"I want to give you an excuse for obeying the dictates of your

heart. Won't you believe me when I solemnly assure you that since I first met you, four years ago, I have loved only you? That I have never had thought for another woman? That your beautiful face"—even the plainest woman likes to be told that she is beautiful—"has been before me always? I love you more than ever."

"More than your country?"

"Certainly," he answered without hesitation.

"Why, then, do you do your duty to my hurt?"

"Miss Ellen, men do not always do the thing they wish to do. They do the thing that honor demands, though oftentimes the heart pulls quite another way. Nothing would give me more pleasure than to be able to turn this ship over to you and to say that I and all in it would do your bidding; that your cause would be my cause, your words my words. To be able to do that, to be yours in deed as I am in heart—nothing would make me happier than that except one thing."

"What is that?" she whispered softly.

"To have you mine."

They were close together now. He stooped a little and caught her hand. Her fingers lingered in his grasp, she did not draw them away. He bent nearer. Her head was averted. He kissed her softly on the cheek. Then she turned her face towards him, striving, but weakly, to draw away her hands.

"This," she said, with a trace of her former manner, "is the last straw." There was a last touch of defiance in her words and attitude. "You are the captain of this ship," she went on cruelly, "you have the advantage of me. If you choose to kiss your prisoner, why, I cannot help it."

"Ellen, dear," he said, his heart throbbing tempestuously, "I didn't take your hand and touch your cheek as the captain of this ship, but as the man who loves you. Won't you understand?"

"I understand everything," said the girl hurriedly, her voice breaking—"everything, everything, better than myself! I am a fool! You ought to hate me. Good-night."

She turned away from him, resolutely now. He was too wise to detain her, and in a moment she was gone.

"I guess," he said jubilantly to himself, "that I'll get both Ellens before I'm through with this undertaking."

As for Miss Ellen, when she got to her cabin she didn't know whether she hated herself most for what she called her weakness, or loved him more for what she called his strength. He had insulted her grossly in the afternoon, and he had kissed her in the night. Did he think lightly to strike a balance that way? She could neither forgive the one nor forget the other. The touch of his lips had been sweet to her too. She was ashamed, ashamed of her weakness, but she loved

him. She wished that she had let him take her in his arms and kiss her again. And yet the shame of it!

Tears were the only things adequate to these problems and conditions.

IX.

LOVE-MAKING IN THE MORNING.

ON that tearful night Miss Ellen thought that she would never get to sleep after the exciting events of the day. Yet so great had been the fatigues and such the comfort and satisfaction she took in the final outcome of the last interview with her lover, in spite of her insistence upon her own weakness, that presently she dropped asleep and slept as soundly as if she had not a care.

Captain Smith was more wakeful. In the first place, his duties brought him on deck from time to time, but his heart was light enough, his conscience clear enough, to permit him finally to enjoy his slumbers. He was not sure of her, but he was encouraged, to put it mildly.

Bright and early the next morning he got the Greyhound under way on what was to be the most startling adventure and the most remarkable day of his life. The blockade-runner had scarcely commenced to slip through the smooth water of the sound towards the mouth of the Neuse River when Miss Ellen made her appearance on deck. The first glance of the Captain brought a blush to her cheek. She strove bravely to overcome the natural nervousness consequent upon the situation, however, and greeted him in a way which, while it was dignified and slightly repellent, exhibited none of the animosity of the past few days. It presently developed into a quiet friendliness which seemed to rise from a decision to ignore the past and meet him upon a footing of pleasant comradeship, as if nothing had happened.

This in itself was a great, a remarkable concession. It did not indicate that Miss Ellen had forgotten the events of the day before, but rather pointed to a determination to overlook the things that had aggrieved her. This was a virtual condonation of his offences, if offences there were, and it was very comforting to him. He was wise enough to meet her upon her own ground. He made no reference to their previous conversations or to his intentions with regard to her or the ship—adroit young man!

They talked about the weather, which was sufficiently beautiful in the freshness of the early morning and the brightness of the sunrise to excuse them for not selecting a more personal topic. Yet even the best weather is soon exhausted as a subject of conversation. Seeing that he studiously refrained from discussing the future with as much energy as she avoided dwelling upon the past, with womanly perversity she herself broached the subject.

"Last night——" she began.

"Last night I was in heaven," he interjected skilfully.

"I wasn't," she countered quickly.

"I wish you had been," he said, "for I found the experience exceedingly pleasant and I think you would have liked it. Perhaps I can communicate some of the happiness of it to you now."

"Not in the daytime," she answered demurely.

"Oh," said the enraptured young Captain, making a furtive grasp to catch her hand, "I wish it were night again!"

"If it were, I should not be here."

"Why not?"

"You're too dangerous in the dark."

"I look better then, don't I?"

"You do," decidedly.

That was what he had expected and it was distinctly true, but he sighed deeply, nevertheless.

"As I was about to say," remarked Miss Ellen, giving him full time to appreciate the point to which her by-play had reduced him, "I should like to know, if I may ask the privilege, the programme for to-day, certainly so far as it concerns me."

"I haven't the least objection in the world to telling you. I intend to make the mouth of the inlet just before sunset. Thereafter to follow its course by the chart in the hope of arriving at the wharf just at twilight. Then I shall board the *Ellen*,"—how his voice lingered on that name, she thought, and never before had it sounded so well in her ears,—"capture her, and take her out to sea."

"What about me?" she asked. "Do I play any part in this entertainment?"

"I'm afraid not," answered Captain Smith. "I have reconsidered my decision of yesterday. I love you"—Mr. Brown, who had the watch again, had discreetly moved forward out of earshot, as before—"more than ever," he continued ardently, "but you have shown me the error of my ways. I may constrain a lady's presence—you understand?"

"Yes, I understand. Go on."

The pressure of her lips indicated that she did indeed understand thoroughly, and that while she had put it out of her mind it was not yet pleasant to recur to it for any purpose.

"But I shall never constrain your heart," he went on softly. "You might be willing to purchase your father's freedom by giving me yourself, but if you did there would be forever a doubt in my mind as to the genuineness of your affection for me, and while I want you very much, while there is nothing that I would not do to win you, I value you too highly to have you come to me for any other reason than that you love me and——"

"The conceit of that!" she laughed, interrupting him, yet there was happiness in her voice, which he noted and took courage.

"Yes, isn't it? I'll admit it. The best man on earth," he went on humbly, "would be no match for you, much less a nameless young fellow like myself."

"Smith," said the young lady reflectively, "is quite as good a name as Jones. I never was particularly fond of my surname."

"Miss Ellen, do you mean—"

"I mean nothing more than I say. I wouldn't run down the Smith family if I were you."

"I wouldn't either, if I were a real Smith, instead of—er—an accidental one."

"Never mind," said the girl softly, for there was an undertone of pathos in his badinage which moved her deeply, "you may so act that the real Smiths, as you call them, will be glad enough to claim relationship without scrutinizing your rights."

"Thank you," said the young Captain gratefully. "When you talk to me like that I love you more than ever. I'm sorrier than I was before that I ever brought tears to your pretty eyes."

"Doesn't it strike you, sir, that you are doing a great deal of love-making and furnishing very little information?" asked Miss Ellen, slightly confused by this open wooing—and in broad daylight too!

"Yes, you're quite right. But don't you think it's been awfully one-sided, anyhow?"

"What has?"

"This love-making."

"Very."

"Couldn't you do a little of it yourself, Miss?"

"We are talking business, I think—at least, I am. You were telling me—"

"That I love you."

"Oh, that's stale news. I've known that for four years."

"What have you thought about it yourself during that time?"

"We're not discussing such matters, I tell you. What are you going to do with me?"

"I know what I should like to do with you."

"Captain Smith, will you be serious and answer me?"

"I suppose I must. I don't intend to have you aboard the Greyhound when I make a dash for the other Ellen. By examining the chart I learn that there are a number of landing places along the river. Here is one on this point, which is about fifteen miles from your father's plantation. There appears to be a little settlement there. I will land you there with your maid. Then I'll carry out the adventure as best I can."

"What do you propose that I shall do, pray?"

"There will be people there who will attend to you, I'm sure. I'll trust to you not to forget me. When the war is over I'll come back and claim you. That is, if I don't get killed in the meantime."

"Don't say that!" she cried quickly.

"Well, it's quite possible, you know," he went on gloomily, realizing that he would lose nothing by driving this dart home; "like Paul Jones, I intend to go in harm's way. I will make my poor claim on my name worth something if I can."

"It's worth a good deal to me now," said the girl daringly.

"Oh, what does that mean? That's the second time you've said something like that. It's cruelty if it doesn't mean—"

"It does mean something. It means that while I'll never forgive you for what you did yesterday, yet I'll—wait—until the war is over—for you. So you must not get killed, you see."

"I won't," he answered fervently, "with you in view, I'll—"

"Sail ho!" shouted one of the lookouts forward. "There's a steamer bearing down on us from the nor'ard, sir."

"Now, we'll have trouble," said the Captain to the fair companion blushing at his side. "I have observed that trouble always comes just when you don't want it. Especially in love affairs and on ships."

"Have you had experience?" she questioned archly.

"Only this one," then he perforce turned away. "Mr. Brown!" he called.

"Sir!" answered the young midshipman.

"We'll hold on just as we are. If they hail us, I will do the talking."

"What do you intend to do?" asked Miss Ellen.

"I think yonder vessel is a Confederate gunboat patrolling the sound. We have learned that there are a number at Hatteras Inlet. I believe the government intends to—but there, you're on the other side."

"If you are correct," said the girl, "you will be captured."

"No, I think not."

"You will fight?"

"Can't, with no guns mounted."

"I see. But you can run away."

"That would excite suspicion. Perhaps I can delude them. They must know the Greyhound is expected and—but I think I shall have to ask you to go below."

"But I don't wish to," she answered promptly.

"I didn't suppose you would. In fact, I was sure you wouldn't. But, you see, while I'm endeavoring to deceive the Captain of that other vessel if it should be a Confederate gunboat, and from the way she's

bearing down on us I'm sure of it, it would be very easy for you to betray me by declaring the truth."

"Would you do that were the case reversed?"

"Yes," he answered gravely, "it would be my duty."

"Duty!" she pouted. "I hate that word!"

"So do I, sometimes. Just at present I know one case where a duty would be altogether charming."

"What is that?"

"The duty of marrying you."

"Nonsense!"

"Do you think marrying you would be nonsense? Now, I think that would be a very serious business."

"Captain Smith, will you ever be serious and attend to your own business?"

"Not until you finally reject me."

"I shall do so at once. How do you feel now?"

"I feel as if I didn't believe you. However, this is beside the question. I shall have to beg you to go below."

"And if I refuse?"

"There's the bos'n's mate," with a wave of his hand.

"Odious man!"

"Which man?"

"Both of you."

"There's one thing I'll grant you," he said, laughing at her reply. "If you will give me your word of honor that you will not say a single word which will give them the slightest inkling of the truth, you may stay on deck."

"I promise," she answered thoughtlessly enough.

"You give me your word of honor?"

"Yes."

"I trust that as far as I would that of any man I ever knew."

He spoke heartily, yet there was duplicity in his proposition. He realized that the sight of Ellen Jones, who was probably well known to the officers of the gunboat, standing by his side would do more to confirm the impression he desired to convey, that the Greyhound was still in the possession of her original crew, than any other incident. "Men," we are told by competent authority, "were deceivers ever," and Smith was no exception to the rule.

X.

THE PAMLICO IS DECEIVED

DURING this little conversation the Confederate war steamer, converted from one of the sound passenger steamers by mounting a heavy gun on the forecastle, had been rapidly overhauling the Greyhound,

which, in accordance with her Captain's policy, made no effort to escape. The blockade-runner undoubtedly had the heels of the gunboat, but it was not Smith's desire to run away. As he had said, to do that would certainly give the alarm, and as the success of his undertaking depended entirely upon a surprise, it was imperatively necessary for him not to awaken any suspicion as to the changed condition of the Greyhound.

Consequently when the gunboat fired a shot across the bows of the blockade-runner Smith promptly stopped his ship. The gunboat rounded to a short distance from the starboard quarter of the Greyhound and an officer standing forward of the pilot-house hailed,—

“What ship is that?”

“The blockade-runner Greyhound from New Providence,” replied Smith calmly. “What ship is that?”

“The Confederate gunboat Pamlico, Captain Coley. We've been expecting you,” continued the Confederate. “Have you got the guns for the *Ellen* aboard?”

“I have,” answered Smith mendaciously.

They were at present safely stowed below in the hold of the *St. Lawrence*. However, that didn't matter.

“Good!” said Captain Coley, “the privateer is all ready except mounting the guns.”

“She still lies at the wharf at Jones's Inlet?”

“Yes, just where she was.”

“Good!”

“You seem rather high in the water,” said the Confederate Captain.

“My cargo's a light one, medical stores and so on, bulky but doesn't weigh very much,” answered Captain Smith readily.

“I see. Is that Miss Jones on board of you?”

“It is,” replied Captain Smith, coolly stepping aside so as to bring Miss Ellen into full view.

Now that the two ships had met, Miss Ellen regretted, first, that she had stopped on deck at all, and, second, that she had pledged her word not to betray the state of affairs on the Greyhound. She loved her lover, but she also loved her father. While she was not rampant for the South, she was sufficiently attached to her native State. Foreseeing, so soon as the conversation begun, that she would probably be recognized, she had kept behind Captain Smith and so partially out of sight of Captain Coley.

“How unkind of you!” she said reproachfully to her lover when he stepped aside, bringing her into full view.

“I had to do it, dearest; I am so sorry,” he replied softly, and she thrilled at the endearing name and forgave him on the spot. “If I had shown the least hesitation, I might have awakened his suspicion and—”

"Good-morning, Miss Jones," cried Captain Coley, flourishing his hat, "I hope you are well?"

"Quite well, thank you, Captain."

"Did you have a pleasant voyage?"

"Rather exciting towards the last."

"How's that?"

"Well, we were chased by some Yankee cruisers."

"Remember your promise!" said Captain Smith quickly, in a low tone.

"You need not remind me. I always keep my word," she returned.

"I am glad you escaped from them," continued Captain Coley; "your capture would have been a terrible loss indeed."

"Yes, wouldn't it?" said Smith heartily. "It was a near thing, though. If the Greyhound had not been a swift goer we would not be here," which was true enough, by the way.

"Well, it's all right so long as you got away," said Captain Coley lightly. "I won't detain you, Captain——"

"Evers. Captain John Evers, at your service," said Mr. Smith promptly.

"His name is George," put in Miss Ellen maliciously, not loud enough for Captain Coley to hear her, of course.

"Miss Jones, pray give my remembrances to your father. Tell him we are eagerly awaiting for the privateer to get to sea. She'll make the Yankees jump, I'll warrant!" continued the Confederate officer.

"I hope so!" said Miss Ellen fervently.

It was the only time she had felt at liberty to express her real opinions freely and without restraint.

"Good-by," said Captain Coley, bowing again. "Go ahead, Captain Evers."

With that the wheel of the gunboat was put up, she swung around under the stern of the Greyhound and went off up the sound again. Captain Smith was in no hurry to get away. He waited until the Pamlico fairly crossed the stern of his ship, so that her commander could see the word Greyhound printed thereon in large letters and thus receive another evidence of identity, if he needed one.

"It was fortunate for us," he remarked at last, "that Captain Evers was a stranger to these waters. Otherwise this cruise would have ended right here, I'm afraid."

"How did you know that Captain Evers was a stranger here, sir?" asked Midshipman Brown, who had drawn near.

"From the fact that he had to have a chart to the inlet, for one thing, and because he told me so, for another," answered Captain Smith, laughing.

"As for me," said Miss Ellen, "I feel like a traitor."

"I do not see why you should," said the young Captain reassuringly; "it was force majeure, you know."

"I don't understand French."

"Neither do I, except a phrase here and there. Force majeure, for instance, means pressure by"—his glance swept forward—"Master Gantlin, the bo's'n's mate—"

"I understand," said the girl quickly. "And do you mean to apply it to me all my life?"

"Thank you for that question," exclaimed Captain Smith joyously; "no, only until I have won you. Then it will be the other way."

The rest of the day's run was made without molestation. The sound, the waters of which had once teemed with small boats, was largely deserted. Sailormen of that vicinity were all afloat either in blockade-runners or in the Confederate naval squadron, which had its headquarters near the forts at Hatteras Inlet, and the place was as lonely as the ocean. Nor was there anything particular to engage the attention of the Captain at present, so that he and Miss Ellen had the happy day to themselves.

Captain Smith could be very nice when he chose, and this time he chose. He laid aside his jesting manner and devoted himself with all his powers to his fair companion. They passed idyllic hours together. The rapidly moving ship, the blue sky, the fresh breeze generated by the speed of the vessel, the assiduous attention of her lover, his deference, his courtesy, most of all his frank and open admiration, filled the girl's heart with happiness. Although she refused to say so outwardly, she had forgiven him for all he had done. Her heart really exulted at the cool, masterful manner in which he had handled her. Surely, having succeeded so brilliantly in mastering a woman of her temperament, there was nothing to which he would not be equal. She might trust herself to him without hesitation.

Like every masterful woman,—and those who lived in the slaveholding South tended to become that, and the tendency was accentuated in Ellen's case by the fact that she was the only daughter of a soldier of position, a widower for many years,—she found a novel experience in being mastered by someone else. The novelty of such things usually wears off quite rapidly, and if the endeavor is maintained for any length of time, a revolt is sure to ensue. In this instance, however, the whole affair was so recent, so new, that in her secret heart she really enjoyed it.

Towards sunset the Greyhound crossed the mouth of the Neuse River and ran for the opening of Jones' Inlet, which she reached about half after five in the afternoon. At her lover's suggestion Miss Ellen

had gone below to the cabin to prepare for her journey. So soon as the ship stopped he went below to bid her good-by. She was just coming out of her state-room when he entered. Behind her was Chloe. He motioned to the black woman, who feared him like death, to leave the cabin. Ellen made an involuntary effort to detain her maid, but there was no stopping Chloe with the Captain's glance fixed upon her, and Miss Ellen was really glad to see her go.

"Miss Ellen," said Captain Smith gravely, "the boat is ready for you. I shall have to say good-by."

"I don't want to go ashore," she said quietly. "I would rather stay with you on the ship."

"I can't allow that," returned the young Captain. "I can't tell what desperate work there may be before us. I can't imperil your life. No, not on any account."

"But I—"

"It is useless to argue, Ellen, darling," he said firmly, and again her heart responded to the caress in his voice and words. "If anything should happen to you on this boat, it would kill me. You must go ashore before the battle begins."

There was a finality in his voice that silenced her.

"I had hoped," he continued, "that in some way I might succeed in winning you in this adventure. I had dreams of forcing your father's consent to our marriage, of bribing you to accept me by—but I have put that away. You know that I love you, that I have always loved you since I first saw you. I can hardly expect to win your father's consent, but you are of age, I believe, and I put my hope in you. If in a fair, square, manly way I can win you, with or without your father's permission, I shall be very happy and grateful. If I cannot,"—he smiled bravely but sadly,—"I shall die a bachelor."

"You needn't do that," said the girl softly.

"You mean—"

"Oh, I don't know what I mean!" she protested as he caught her in his arms.

Indeed, it was not necessary for her to explain. After a faint resistance she suffered him to kiss her upon the lips, and after a little pause she returned his caress. After a longer pause, filled in the usual happy way, they found time for articulate speech.

"You are so masterful," she said. "I hardly know why I obey you."

"Don't you love me?"

"I suppose—well—yes, then."

"I shall never constrain you again. I swear it!" said Captain Smith solemnly. "Oh Ellen, dearest, darling, beautiful Ellen, if I am the flattest failure in this enterprise, I shall have cause to bless it, count

it the happiest time of my life, for I have won you for my promised wife—poor, plain, unknown sailor that I am!"

"Hush! You must not say that, I won't have you disparage yourself. You are the noblest, the bravest man I ever saw!" she insisted vehemently.

"But not the handsomest!" he laughed like a boy.

"Well, may be not that, but you are just the kind of a man I like to look at," she admitted with a glance of such devotion as set him in the seventh heaven of delight.

"You can give me no greater proof of your overwhelming affection than that," chuckled Smith, shaking his red head joyfully with an air of great satisfaction.

There was a tap at the door.

"Beg pardon, sir," said Mr. Robinson discreetly, "but the tide is drifting the ship towards the shore and——"

"All right," returned Captain Smith, "we'll be on deck in a moment. Is the boat ready?"

"Yes, sir."

Left alone for the last time, Smith took the girl in his arms again.

"Remember your promise not to say a word about my plans until to-morrow morning, when you may tell everybody if you wish."

"I shall remember," said the girl; "it is a safe promise. I could not possibly reach my father's plantation before morning. It's a terrible road. I don't suppose there's a horse in the settlement. You'll be safe from me."

"I know that, of course," said the young officer.

"Now promise me something in return."

"Anything you wish, my darling."

"Please be careful of yourself. Don't get hurt. I couldn't bear it after waiting all these years for you."

"Then you did wait for me! Oh Ellen, Ellen!"

He strained her to his heart and kissed her in farewell. But the parting had to be a brief one. If his ship should take ground on the shore, that would be the end of his undertaking. He saw her safely aboard the boat, which presently landed her with Chloe in attendance at the little fishing village, consisting of half a dozen hovels on the strand.

Sending Chloe to seek a shelter for them for the night, she stood on the beach, her eyes filled with tears, watching the boat return to the ship, watching the figure of her lover alone aft, watching the ship itself gather way, round the bend, and enter the inlet. When should she see him again? How should that plighted word between them be carried out? He had told her—indeed, she knew it—that a great conflict must ensue before the Confederates could be subdued, or, in case

of success, gain their independence. It was hardly possible that they could marry until the war was over. She knew his impetuous, daring nature. She felt sure that he would be in the thick of the fighting. He might be killed. He might be killed in the next few hours!

XI.

MISS ELLEN ARRIVES TOO LATE

MISS ELLEN was so thoroughly miserable, so entirely oblivious to her surroundings, that she did not hear a horseman approaching until the horse was almost upon her. The rider stared at her curiously as he drew near, recognized her presently, threw himself instantly from his horse, took off his hat, and bowed low before her.

"Why, Miss Ellen Jones!" he exclaimed, "what are you doing here? Why are you not on the Greyhound? I saw her rounding yonder point a few moments ago."

"Captain Haywood," faltered poor Ellen, "I—I—"

She did not know what to say to him. She knew that he was in love with her. The son of a neighboring planter, he had paid court to her before she went to the Bahamas. Although he had received no encouragement from the young woman herself, her father had made no secret of his approval of the young man's suit. So backed, Haywood still maintained hopes that he would ultimately win her.

Haywood had been a naval officer, who had resigned his commission and gone South at the outbreak of the war; thereafter he had joined with Major Jones in equipping the privateer, of which he was to have command.

"We have been looking for the Greyhound most eagerly," he continued. "She's two days overdue, according to our calculations. The Ellen is all ready but the guns. I've been looking for you as well," he added. "I am surprised to find you here. What does it mean?"

"What are you doing here yourself, Captain Haywood?" asked the girl.

"I rode down to the point this afternoon to find out if the ship were in sight. You cannot know how anxious we have been. I was rejoiced beyond measure when I saw her round the bend. I hailed her, hoping to get aboard, but she was going rapidly and they didn't pay any attention to me. They didn't recognize me, probably, as she was some distance from the shore, so I came on here to bait my horse and then ride back to the ship. It's fifteen miles. I ought to reach there in an hour and a half."

"Fifteen miles in an hour and a half! Over such a road?" exclaimed Miss Ellen.

"The government has made a new road along the river bank to be

used in transporting supplies and moving troops. It's much shorter than it used to be and in first-rate order. But you haven't told me why you are here."

"I—I—"

Her plighted word rose before her. She could not tell the truth, she would not tell a lie, yet nothing but the truth would serve. There was no reason why a young woman should land there from a ship which was going directly to her destination and would land her at her own place in two hours. There was no reason why she should be in this wretched place at all.

"I had a—a disagreement with Captain Smith." The fatal word slipped out in spite of herself.

"Smith!" exclaimed the astonished Haywood. "Why, I thought his name was Evers!"

"Yes, yes, I mean Captain Evers."

"But what sort of a disagreement could you possibly have which would warrant you in leaving the ship here and at night? I don't understand?"

"Captain Haywood," said the girl desperately, "I do not recognize any right in you to catechise me in this manner. I landed from that ship because I—I wanted to. I am not required to give you any explanation whatsoever of my movements."

Miss Ellen spoke with indignant fervor, but she was not remarkably good at evasion, and Captain Haywood was a very shrewd, intelligent young officer.

His suspicions were immediately aroused by her persistent refusal to account for her presence on the shore. He thought hard as he stood before her. Her whole bearing, he noticed, was that of a person concealing something. The Greyhound was very late. He had noticed that she was remarkably light in the water too, almost as if in ballast, whereas she should have been sunk to her loadline with the heavy cargo he knew that she ought to have been carrying.

Miss Ellen, as representing her father, virtually owned the Greyhound. Her will on that ship, save in technical matters, was paramount, but she had been put ashore. She refused to explain her presence. There could have been no misunderstanding between Captain Evers and herself. While the Captain was not personally known in the sound, yet his reputation was well established as that of a brave, skilful, courteous sailor. Major Jones had learned this through common friends before he had permitted Captain Evers to be engaged to bring in the Greyhound.

The Petrel had been gone for a week also. Nothing whatever had been heard from her since her departure. Putting these things together, Captain Haywood stumbled upon the truth of the story. The Grey-

hound had been taken, she had been lightened of her cargo, and was now coming in in order to cut out the privateer he was to command!

"Miss Ellen," he burst out furiously, "I see it all. The Greyhound has been captured. Her cargo has been taken out. She is crowded with Yankees and is coming in to cut out my ship. They put you ashore to get you out of the fighting. Is that true?"

Poor Ellen was in a fearful dilemma. She could only stare dumbly at the Captain.

"You do not say anything," he said. "I know it is true. What keeps you silent I don't know. You are betraying me——"

"I owe you no allegiance."

"No, but you are betraying your father, and, worse than that, you are betraying your State. Fortunately, I can thwart them. I'm sorry to call you a traitress. Good-by."

He swung himself into the saddle, struck spurs into his horse, and galloped off.

A traitress! Was it true? Yet if so, how could she help it? She was quick enough to foresee just what would happen. The new and direct road, cutting off the bends and turns of the crooked inlet through which the steamer would necessarily be obliged to proceed slowly and with caution, would enable Haywood to reach the Ellen long before the Greyhound. He could organize resistance. It was probable that some armed forces would be in the vicinity of Jones' Wharf. Thinking to surprise the privateer, the attacking party would be surprised themselves and captured. There would be a fight, her lover would be in the thick of it, and he would be wounded, perhaps killed. Rather that a thousand privateers should be lost than that should occur! She must get to the Ellen herself before the battle. What she could do there she could scarcely tell. But she might do something. At least, she could try to save him.

She turned and ran desperately towards the largest house, which stood well back from the shore in a clump of trees. Everybody in that quarter knew the Jones family, one of considerable importance in that section of the country. All of them knew Miss Ellen. After going from house to house she finally succeeded in getting the loan of a common old farmhorse. He would have to do. Chloe could be left behind till the morning. She must go on. There was no woman's saddle to be had in the village. She did not hesitate on that account. She took what she could and made the best of it. Throwing her right knee over the saddle horn, she rode until out of observation, and then bestrode the horse manfully, in manly fashion, and proceeded on her way.

The horse was tired from his day's labor and was but a poor, old, lumbering beast at best. Ellen was a consummate horsewoman, and she communicated something of her anxiety and purpose to the animal

she rode. In spite of her skill and her efforts, however, her pace was a slow one. About a mile from the wharf the horse gave out completely. She slid from the saddle to the ground, gathered her skirts in her hands, and ran fleetly along the ground at a great rate. She was thankful that she was young, active, and strong. She covered the ground with amazing speed. It was quite dark now. The road ran from the forest through which she had been riding since she left the village along the open shore at a distance of half a mile from the wharf. It left the forest on a hill and abruptly descended to the level of the river; on the other side of the wharf the forest began again and continued up to the great house, which sat on a bluff and was embowered in trees.

Just as she got to the open she saw the Greyhound, a black mass in the fading light, rounding the bend. The Ellen lay quietly at the wharf. The Greyhound had been delayed. She had touched the shore once or twice and the navigation had proved more difficult than Smith had anticipated. The vessel was at least an hour late or Miss Ellen would not have been in time even to see her approach.

Ellen had not overtaken Captain Haywood, of course. His horse was a thoroughbred, and every minute had increased the distance between them. For a moment the girl stared from the hill at the two ships. She knew positively what the conditions were. The men of the Greyhound, armed to the teeth, were ready for boarding. She did not doubt but that the decks of the Ellen would be covered with men equally well armed and that so soon as the ships touched each other a dreadful battle would ensue and the Greyhound's crew would be overwhelmed. She never doubted that Captain Smith would lead his boarders. He would be killed to a moral certainty.

She measured the distance swiftly, and instinctively estimated the rate of speed at which the Greyhound was approaching. Try as she might, the ships would be in contact before she could get to them. She might as well, for all she could do, stay on the hill and watch the fighting. But something—her love, perhaps—drove her forward. She might die in the attempt, but at least she could try.

Once more she gathered her skirts in her hands and ran with the fleetness of Camilla, as if she had not taken a step during the day, down the hill and towards the wharf. She strained every nerve. She brought into play every atom of strength in her being to accomplish her hopeless task. Her heart beat terribly. Her mouth was parched and dry, her breath came shortly, she panted like a driven hare. Something rose in her throat and choked her. She had not run wisely under the stimulus of her terror and her desire. She had not saved herself for the end. She had spent herself at the first dash. Presently she found herself reeling. Only her indomitable will kept her up. She would have fainted had she stopped.

She struggled along the road, desperate, blinded. She was within one hundred yards of the wharf now. The Greyhound was slowly swung alongside the Ellen. She heard voices. The drumming in her ears prevented her from distinguishing what they said. She tried to call out a word of warning. Her husky voice died away in her throat. A cheer broke on the night. It was followed by a yell. There was a shot, two shots, a crashing volley, the ring of steel on steel, oaths, cries, shrieks, groans, words of command.

She was at the gang-plank now. It seemed as if she could not take another step, yet she ran up it and boarded the ship. Nobody marked her in the darkness and confusion. The deck, which had been filled with writhing, struggling figures, suddenly grew quieter. The shots died away. The curses and yells stopped. The clang of steel blades was heard no more. But the groans were louder than ever. She leaned against the gangway gasping for breath, striving to recover herself—praying, fearful, broken.

"It's all over," she heard a voice say. "We've got 'em. Their leader is here."

It was Captain Haywood who spoke.

"Show a light here, someone," cried another voice, her father's. "Bring him below to the cabin," continued Major Jones.

"Ay, ay, sir," answered Haywood. "Mr. Matthews, look out for the prisoners and send men to secure the other ship. You have done splendidly," continued the Captain to his crew. "Let all hands splice the main brace handsomely."

Amid the cheers of the victorious Confederates her father and Captain Haywood, followed by two men, half dragging, half carrying, a limp, inanimate figure between them, entered the cabin beneath the poop—the Ellen being provided with a raised poop. The light carried by the third man fell full on the face of the prisoner as they hauled him through the door. She had strained her eyes after the group, unable to move until the moment when in that flash of light she recognized her lover. His face was white as death. There was a red gash across his forehead.

She had been incapable of motion before. No one had yet noticed her in the gangway in the excitement. She ran—where she got the strength she never knew—across the deck, brushed past two or three groups of astonished men, and burst into the cabin after the others.

Her father sat at the head of the table, Captain Haywood stood at one side. One of the seamen was kneeling by the door, supporting the prostrate officer. He had evidently been wetting the face of Captain Smith, who had just at that moment recovered consciousness. He struggled to a sitting position by the aid of his hands. The girl stopped in the doorway motionless. Not a vestige of color was in her

cheeks or lips. Her skirts were muddy and bedraggled. Her hat was gone. Her hair hung about her face in wild dishevelment. Only the rapid motion of her bosom betokened life. Haywood and her father stared at her, speechless.

"You!" whispered Captain Smith, struggling to his feet. The seaman assisting him, he rose unsteadily.

"You!" he said reproachfully. He brushed the blood out of his eyes as he did so and thrust out a trembling hand towards her. Some drops of blood were flicked upon her dress by his gesture.

"You broke your word!" he said; "the blood of my men is upon you!"

This was too much for the girl. She put out her hand as if to ward off a blow, her other hand grasped at her bosom. A little moan came from her parched lips. She collapsed slowly in a dead faint, a limp heap in Captain Haywood's arms. They had all been too astonished by her entrance to say a word in the brief time in which the scene had taken place.

XII.

ELLEN IS AGAIN DISOWNED

As HIS daughter fainted, Major Jones, who had been staring open-mouthed and aghast from her to his prisoner, leaped to his feet, ran to Captain Haywood, and took the girl from his arms. Assisted by one of the seamen, he carried her into the nearest state-room of the ship, leaving with Haywood the prisoner, who had sunk down on a transom, for he was as yet scarcely able to command himself.

Captain Smith's life had been preserved in a miraculous manner. Leaping over the rail of the *Ellen* at the head of his men, it should have been impossible for him to have escaped. Haywood's pistol had sent a bullet across his right temple, making a nasty-looking cut and knocking him senseless, but doing no permanent harm. As he fell, one of the soldiers on the *Ellen* had hit him on the head with the barrel of his gun. The blow had been a glancing one, otherwise his skull would have been fractured. Its effect, however, was to increase his stupor. He was faint and sick from loss of blood and from shock, but the physical pain he felt was as nothing to the anguish in his soul at the thought that the woman he loved and had trusted had betrayed him.

The sense of failure, the consciousness of defeat, the pain of wounds, the loss of his men—everything—was swept away in the bitterness of betrayed trust. With the shattering of his faith in Ellen went his confidence in humanity, for to him she stood for all that was noble and true. If she were false, then there was no honesty or virtue extant. That was the overwhelming thought at the moment. Presently there would come other thoughts. The brave men who had been shot down

under his leadership, the total failure of his enterprise, the ruin of his present prospects! He had tried to do something and had failed. He had loved and he had lost. He had trusted and he had been betrayed. The situation was unbearable.

He knew that he could never explain it to the satisfaction of his superiors. He realized that his professional future was ruined. Probably he would be cashiered. He could not think how she had reached there with the news, but it was evident that she had. His thoughts were broken in upon by Haywood.

There was something between the prisoner and the woman Haywood loved. Of that the Confederate Captain was quite convinced. During his mad gallop from the mouth of the inlet to the wharf he had racked his brains to solve the problem of Ellen's silence. He was sure the Greyhound had been captured. If so, there would be a Federal officer on board her. He remembered having heard that a Federal officer had been madly in love with her some years since. As he had made no progress in his own suit, he naturally jumped to the conclusion that the reason for his non-success lay in her attachment to this officer. What was more natural than that he should be in command of the Greyhound and that she should be keeping silent for love?

Haywood's jealousy made him wrong the girl he loved. Whatever her feelings might have been towards Smith, she would certainly have felt it her duty to have apprised her father of the attempt on the privateer, and she would have done it if her honor had not been pledged. She had given that pledge freely enough. For one reason, because she had not the remotest idea that there was any possibility of getting to the wharf the night she landed. Her pledge was only for that night. She knew nothing about the new road.

Haywood's suspicions were confirmed by the dramatic scene between the two which he had witnessed in the Ellen's cabin. Her refusal to tell him anything, the desperate energy with which she had followed him, he knew not how, but to the fact that she had exerted herself to the top of her strength her appearance bore ample testimony; the pallor and anxiety of her face, her cry when she saw Captain Smith was a prisoner and wounded, his terrible accusation of her, and her reception of the charge, made it all as clear as day.

Having attended to some necessary duties and given some required orders, Captain Haywood turned to interrogate his prisoner. Smith still remained on the transom. The doctor had been summoned, but he had been busy, first of all, in the inner cabin with Ellen. Thereafter he had superficially examined the prisoner and had pronounced his wounds not serious. Barring a bad headache, Smith would soon be all right.

"Are you able, sir," asked Captain Haywood courteously, in spite

of his jealous anger, "to answer my questions now, or would you prefer to be interrogated to-morrow?"

"Now," answered Captain Smith, whose head had been bound up and who had been strengthened by a liberal glass of whiskey and water.

"What is your name, sir?"

"Smith."

"Is that your real name, or do you simply desire to conceal your identity—"

"That is my name, sir. All that I have."

"I take it that you are an officer of the Federal Navy?"

"I am Lieutenant Smith, of the St. Lawrence, Commodore Paulding."

"Are you T. Beekman Smith?"

"I am."

"I heard of you at the Academy. I was of the Class of '55. I'm glad to meet you, Captain Smith."

"But you haven't told me your name."

"Haywood."

"I am glad to meet you, Captain Haywood, although the circumstances are not what I would wish."

"I fear, sir, that they are much more serious than you imagine."

"If you knew how serious they were, you would not say that."

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing. Proceed with your examination, I beg."

"Captain Smith," began Captain Haywood impressively, "I take it that you captured the Greyhound off Ocracoke Inlet."

"Your judgment does you credit, sir."

"And that you came in here for the purpose of cutting out the Ellen."

"That also is obvious, I should say," said Smith, striving to appear cool and indifferent in spite of his splitting head.

"I should like to know what there is between you and Miss Jones?" asked Haywood suddenly, thinking, perhaps, to take the other off his guard.

"There is nothing between us now," answered Smith firmly.

"But what was there between you?"

"That is a matter, sir, which cannot possibly concern you. Any answer tending to explain my presence here I shall be glad to give, provided it involves no dereliction of duty. Otherwise I have nothing to say."

"It does concern me. I desire to marry that young lady. I intend to do so."

"You have my permission, I am sure, and I wish you joy of your bride," said Smith bitterly.

"Ay," persisted the Confederate, his anger growing, "but I want to know, it is my right as her future husband to know, what sort of an understanding there was between you. You said that she had betrayed you."

"You may find out everything from the young lady herself."

"Captain Smith," said the other man severely, "do you fully realize your status?"

"I am a prisoner of war."

"Not exactly."

"Why not?"

"Look at your sleeve."

"There is blood upon it," said the other, lifting it up. "What of that?"

"It isn't the blood I refer to, but the insignia of rank. You wear the uniform of a Confederate naval officer. You have made use of it in entering our lines. I learn from one of the prisoners that one of our gunboats, the Pamlico, spoke you this morning and that you passed yourself off as a Confederate officer. You are liable to death as a spy."

"My God!" exclaimed Smith.

The whole indictment was true. He had not changed his uniform since he boarded the Greyhound from the Upshur. He had not given the matter a thought. It was true that he had gone within the Confederate lines and had obtained information on the strength of his uniform. Although really his position was that of any other sailor or soldier who attacks the enemy openly, yet technically Captain Haywood had defined it in accurate terms.

"You cannot possibly think me a spy or that I intended to take advantage of you in this uniform?" said Smith as soon as he could collect himself.

"There are the facts," said Captain Haywood. "I will be quite frank with you. It rests with me whether or not you are treated as a spy or as a prisoner of war."

"Sir," said Captain Smith, rising to his feet, "you may treat me as you please. I fancy my government will have something to say about any extreme proceedings. Further than this I shall not answer you another question."

"Excuse me, Captain Haywood," said Major Jones, coming in from the inner cabin, "I overheard your conversation. It is impossible not to hear everything that goes on within these confined limits. It does not rest with you alone as to how the prisoner shall be treated. I think I have something to say about that."

"And you decide?" asked Smith dauntlessly.

"To hold you a close prisoner as a spy. The rest of your men shall be treated as prisoners of war."

Some of them also wore Confederate uniforms, but it was evident that Major Jones was actuated by a personal animus towards the young Federal officer.

"This is preposterous!" exclaimed Smith hotly. "I demand to be put in communication with the United States authorities at once!"

"We have nothing to do with the United States Government," retorted the Major indifferently.

"Well, then, I request to see the military commander of this district—the admiral, or commodore, of this station."

"As to that, later," said Major Jones shortly. "Captain Haywood, you can take him below. I should put him in double irons, he's a dangerous prisoner."

"I don't believe we want him on the ship, Major," said the abashed Haywood. "With your permission I'll take him up to your house and put him in the strong room. Let some of the soldiers guard him."

"Very well," said Major Jones as Haywood left the cabin.

"Father," said a weak voice as Miss Ellen came forth from the cabin, "I heard something of what you said last. Where is Captain Smith?"

Miss Ellen had been revived with great difficulty. The strain upon her had been terrific, and she had almost broken completely. The care of some of the house servants, with the ministrations of the doctor, and such stimulants as had been given her, had brought her to consciousness. She had lain in a maze, but the stern voice of her father, together with the protests of her lover, had recalled her to her senses once more. Just as Haywood and Smith left the cabin she staggered into it.

"What does it mean?" she asked her father again.

"It means that somebody betrayed our plans to the Yankees," answered her father sternly; "it means that by the capture of the Greyhound, the taking out of her everything of value including her guns, they came within an ace of capturing the Ellen. It means almost financial ruin to me."

"Yes, yes, I know all that," said Ellen impatiently, as if these things were of little moment, "but what does it mean to Mr. Smith? I heard you say——"

"You heard me say that he was a spy."

"A spy?"

"Yes. Caught inside our lines in our uniform. Taking advantage of it to attack us."

"But what does that mean for him?"

"Death!"

"Oh my God, not that!"

"Just that. Now I wish to question you. There is only one person from whom the Yankees could have obtained the information which enabled them to find this wharf. That person is——"

"Father! You do not suspect me?"

"I do. I more than suspect."

"But I——"

"I'll do the questioning. You confine yourself to answering. There was some foolish love affair between you and this Yankee hound some three years ago. I infer from what he said that there had been some sort of an arrangement between you recently."

"What did he say?"

"You heard him."

"No."

"He said that you had betrayed him."

"I did not!" cried the girl; "it is not true."

"Exactly true. If you did not betray him, you did betray me. Haywood says he met you on the strand at the fishing village; that you refused to tell him a thing. He was quick-witted enough to divine that something was wrong. He galloped here. By good fortune two battalions of infantry had marched here from the camp for practice. They volunteered their services. We lined the decks of the Ellen with them and when the Yankees came we were ready for them. If it hadn't been for that, this ship would have been lost. You knew our peril, yet you remained silent."

The Major spoke coldly, but he was furiously angry. Not only was he angry, but he was bitterly grieved as well at the apparent defection of his daughter.

"I promised him, father," she began.

"Bah! What's a promise to an enemy! Besides, he must have had the chart of which you had a piece."

"I had to give it up. I——"

"Make no explanations; I do not care to listen to them after that confession. I never was so wounded in all my life. And by my own daughter! The loss of the Greyhound's cargo is a fearful thing for me to sustain. The loss of the Ellen would have brought me to beggary, forced me into the army again, by gad, at my time of life! Fortunately, this plan miscarried. I hold that my loss was all due to you. I shall provide for you in some way, but I never wish to see you again. Do not seek to justify your course."

"But I love him, father; I have been honorable."

"That will do. I shall have one of the men escort you to the house. Mr. Haywood is as disgusted with your treachery as I am. I had hoped to arrange a marriage between you, but that's all over now. You have chosen to interfere in my plans. I shall see that you have no

opportunity to do so again. My property I shall dispose of elsewhere. I shall give you barely enough for your support."

"Don't say that, father! Do not treat me in this way. Let me explain."

"There has been enough explanation," cried the old man harshly and bitterly; "you can go to your lover, or you could have gone to him were he not to hang as a spy at my pleasure."

"Very well, sir," said the girl, compressing her lips and striving to keep back the tears called forth by her indignant, passionate father's injustice. "You have condemned me without a hearing. You have drawn inferences from my unfortunate position which are not warranted, as he has done. You have turned away from me. You have put me out of your affections. I will go. I can make my own way. I do not wish your money."

She was as proud, as high-spirited, as Major Jones himself. She turned instantly and left him. Although she felt very miserable, she determined that she would carry out what was before her without hesitation. She gained the deck of the ship, crossed it, descended the gangplank to the wharf, and started up the hill, at the top of which stood her father's house. On the way she met Captain Haywood. He stopped and strove to speak to her. She repulsed him with disdain.

"I know," she said, "what you and my father are trying to do without a shadow of justification. You are going to hang Captain Smith as a spy. If you think to win my favor by such an action, you are sadly mistaken."

"What is he to you?" asked Haywood jealously.

"He is my affianced husband, or was until—"

"I heard him myself renounce all pretensions to your hand."

"That is because he thinks I betrayed him. One word from you would have told him the truth. You kept silent. Was that the act of a gentleman?"

"I match my acts against yours any time."

"Noble retort!" she replied scornfully, drawing herself up.

"Noble or not," said Haywood, "I don't care to bandy words with a—traitress."

"If I were a man," said the girl hotly, "you would never have dared to say that."

"If you were a man," said Haywood with equal heat, "you would have been dead by this time."

Miss Ellen turned from him without another word and walked up to the house. She could not trust herself to speak further with him or anyone.

XIII.

MISS ELLEN PROVIDES A WAY TO FREEDOM

THE girl had many things to do, but in spite of all her resolution she was utterly unable to accomplish them then. Her old black mammy was in time to catch her young mistress in her stout arms as Miss Ellen staggered across the threshold, and it was upon that broad old bosom, upon which she had reposed as a child, that she finally sank to sleep after the terrible events of the night.

Her father remained on the ship the next day. He refused to see her. He sent word that, failing the guns which he was to receive from the Greyhound, he had bought two old field-pieces from the Confederate Government which would be delivered in a few days, and that so soon as he could get the Ellen armed she would set sail on a cruise. That would probably be during the next week. He said that the Greyhound would go to Charleston with the Ellen in search of a cargo and that his daughter should be left in Charleston with a distant relative of her mother. This relative would be instructed to look after her, a certain sum would be paid yearly for her maintenance, and that being done he washed his hands further of her.

A hard man and a stern was Major Jones. He was so full of rage at the loss of the Greyhound's cargo and the peril to which the Ellen had been subjected, due, as he persisted in believing, to his daughter's love for the young Federal officer, whom he detested more than ever, that he was absolutely blind to the bitter injustice of his course. He had sent word to the military commander of the district of the attempt to cut out the privateer, and had described the status of the Federal officer whom he held prisoner.

Ellen learned by inquiry that a court had been convened to try Captain Smith that afternoon. The court was composed of her father, Haywood, one of the infantry captains, and two other officers from the privateer. There was no doubt that they would find him guilty, and in that case he would be hanged. There was no way for her to see the prisoner. He was kept in the strong room with which plantation houses in that section were always provided. The windows of the room were barred and the room itself was carefully guarded by a soldier. The guards were changed every two hours. Ellen racked her brains for an opportunity to get to the prisoner. She could think of no way at first.

Late in the afternoon she noticed that the sentry who approached to relieve the one whose tour of duty was just ended was one of her father's tenants, a man who had always professed deep attachment to her. Often during her childhood she had spent long periods on the plantation with her uncle. This man and she were especially friendly. She thought she might accomplish her end through him. Fortunately,

or unfortunately, as it turned out, just as she had conceived a practicable plan to approach the sentry a squad of soldiers entered, and Smith was summoned before the court, which was to hold its session on the Ellen.

The sentry on duty before the strong room was left where he had been stationed. All that Ellen now wished was to get access to the room. She turned from the gallery whence she had seen the little group depart with her lover, passed through her rooms, after some rapid preparation, went out into the hall, descended the stairs, and ran down the long corridor, at the end of which was the door of the strong room."

"Jim," she said to the man.

"Lordy, Miss Ellen!" exclaimed the man, who had heard nothing of her arrival, "yo' look like a ghost! What's the matter with yo'?"

"Jim," she began, "that officer in there——"

"Yes, Miss Ellen."

"Well, he—I—we are——"

"I understand, Miss Ellen, Lord love yo'."

"They're trying him as a spy."

"Yes, I reckon they air," assented Jim gravely.

"He is no spy."

"They're sartin to find him guilty, howsomever," answered the man seriously.

"It may be," answered the girl, "for they are not just men."

"Your paw is on that air cote a-tryin' him, Miss Ellen."

"I have no father, Jim. My father thinks I am a traitor and that I have betrayed him to this officer. I swear on my honor——"

"I believe yo', Miss Ellen. I've knowed yo' sence you was a chile. I reckon you wouldn't tell no lie. If there's anything I kin do to help yo', count on me."

"There's nothing you can do," said the girl quickly. She did not hesitate to deceive the man in view of her lover's peril. She would shrink from nothing to save him. "I wouldn't have you false to your duty as a soldier by asking you to let him out. I only ask you to let me in. I want to see him a little while, and then I'll come out."

"Oh Miss Ellen, I couldn't do that! I'd love to oblige yo'——"

"Well, let me in the room now while he isn't here. I want to write to him. I'll go back and get a paper."

"There's paper in yere," said the man; "the prisoner axed fer some an' he got some this mornin', so I was tolle. He's been doin' a powerful lot of writin' this mornin'." The soldier unlocked the door and looked in. "I didn't git no orders not to let nobody go in here. They tolle me to watch an' see that the man didn't git out. I'll let yo' in, but you'll hev to be out afore he gits back."

"All right," said Ellen gratefully, stepping within the room.

There was nothing in the room but a cot, a table, and a chair. On the table were writing materials.

"I'll shet the door an' lock it," said Jim, "an' when I see 'em comin' I'll call for yo'." There was a window in the corridor and he could see the wharf from it. "Miss Ellen, I wouldn't do this fer anyone but yo'," he continued; "p'raps I oughtn't do it fer yo'."

"God bless you, Jim," said the girl, "I'll never forget you."

When the door was closed she stepped to the table. There were three sealed letters upon it. One was directed to Commodore Paulding, another to a lawyer in New York, who had charge of Smith's small earnings, and the third envelope bore her own name. She instantly tore it open. She read:

"Ellen, I am to be tried before a packed court, determined on my death, this afternoon. They will hang me, I am certain. I don't suppose, when you betrayed me, that you anticipated this. I have no reproaches for you. I suppose I wasn't worth keeping faith with. You have destroyed my faith in you; you have done more, you have destroyed my faith in woman, almost in God. I don't care what they do to me now. I hate myself for it, yet if it is any satisfaction to you to know, I love you in spite of everythirg. I love you and shall love you until I am dead. Don't reproach yourself. I forgive you."

That was all, Smith was not a man to indulge in heroics, but it was enough. The girl kissed the paper and thrust it into her bosom.

"They shall not kill him!" she murmured. "If my plan doesn't serve, I'll ride to General Bell, the commander of the district, and tell him the truth. He shall stop it. It would be murder."

She realized that she had no time to lose. Proceedings of courts like that upon Smith were always short and summary. Seizing a pen, she wrote:

"I am not guilty of the charge you place against me. I did not betray you. Captain Haywood met me in the village, and my refusal to explain my presence there excited his attention. He saw the Greyhound and noticed how light she was in the water. He left me and galloped to the Ellen to save her. I got a horse and did my best to follow. When the horse gave out I ran on foot, but arrived too late. They shall not hang you! Think of me when you lie down. You will need all your strength. Go to sleep early. If the worst comes, I shall appeal personally to the general commanding the district. Believe that I love you. My father thinks I have betrayed him. He has disowned me. I am yours more than ever and will go to you when you claim me."

Miss Ellen had prepared for her visit. After finishing her letter she ran to the window and examined it. The bars were set in mortar, but the mortar was old. A man, especially one weakened by a wound like that of Smith, could scarcely drag them from their fastenings, but with the aid of an implement it would be an easy matter. She had brought that implement with her. Under her clothing, tied around her waist, she had secured a short iron bar which she had stolen from the gun-room, which, together with a loaded revolver, she slipped beneath the blanket that covered his cot. She might have been more explicit in her directions, but she trusted that his mother wit would tell him what to do, and if the letter fell into some other hands than his, he still might find the weapons. As soon as he lay down on the cot he would know. She kissed the pillow on which his head had rested, and then, with a long look around the room, she tapped on the door.

"I was gittin' moughty anxious like, Miss Ellen," said Jim, opening the door.

"Here is a letter," said Ellen. "I want you to read it so that you may know there is nothing wrong about it."

"Oh Lordy, Miss, I don't want to read yo' letter!"

"But you must!" said the girl, rapidly reading the brief sentences to him.

"There," she said, "I'll trust you still further. Instead of leaving it on the table, I want you to give it to him. Don't forget it. If they have condemned him to death, a letter like this will help him."

"Pears like a letter like that'n would make most men willin' to die," said Jim.

"Jim, I'll never forget you!" said Ellen gratefully, watching the soldier slip the letter in his tunic.

"I wisht I could do more, Miss, than jest givin' a letter."

Ellen was about to say "That's enough," but checked herself in time.

"That's a great deal," she said, "and I appreciate it."

She took his hard, rough hand in both her own, and before he knew what she was about raised it to her lips.

"Good-by. God bless you, Jim," she murmured, and was gone.

"Well, I'll be dod-gasted!" said Jim, looking at his rough, grimy, soiled hand, "to think that Miss Ellen's lips teched that old paw of mine."

He lifted the hairy member, and just where her lips had pressed it he kissed it himself.

In a short time the prisoner was brought forth. The court-martial, in spite of his impassioned defence, had declared him guilty by a vote of four to one. It had appointed daybreak on the following morning for his execution. He had made a formal and indignant protest against

the injustice of the sentence and had repeated his request for counsel, for a delay in the execution until he could communicate with Commodore Paulding, or at least until he could plead his case before the district commander. When these pleas had been denied him he had refused to say another word. This was the end of all his dreams and hopes, but he was determined that no one should see him blench or quiver.

He walked across the wharf and up the hill with as erect a bearing and as steady a step as if he were pacing the weather side of a quarter-deck. Through the latticed window Ellen watched him with love and pride. She would have discovered herself to him, but she thought it best not to do so, as it might attract attention to her and so interfere with her plan.

So soon as the escort had delivered him to the sentry he was again locked in the strong room. When the soldiers had departed old Jim unlocked the door and entered the room. The prisoner was off his guard, thinking himself private. He stood leaning against the casing looking out of the window. He could see a stretch of the blue water of the inlet. There lay the Ellen where he had failed. Beyond her, swinging at her anchor, was the Greyhound, upon which he had set forth with such hopes of success, where he had been so happy. Well, it was all over now. They would hang him in the morning. He had protested against it because it was his duty and because he would fain have lived to serve his country. But his heart was dead within his breast. Ellen had killed hope, trust, everything!

"Stranger," whispered Jim softly, "I hev somethin' fer yo'."

"For me?" asked Smith.

"A letter," said the soldier, fumbling at the breast of his coat, "writ by the young missy."

"For God's sake give it to me!" cried the prisoner.

He tore it open feverishly. He glanced at the contents, and a look of joy came over his countenance.

"Thank God, thank God!" he murmured, "that she was true!"

"If you'd a-knowned her as long as I hev," said Jim severely, "you'd a-knowned there wasn't a better woman under heaven than little missy."

"I believe you. I wronged her. Could you bring her here for a minute?"

"It would be as much as my life's wuth," said Jim, shaking his head sadly. "I done more than I'd ought to anyway, but I was sorry for the girl. I let her in——"

"Was she in here?" interrupted Smith.

"Yes, while yo' was bein' tried. She set in that cheer an' writ the letter at the table."

"My friend," said Smith, "I have no money. I wouldn't insult you

by offering you any if I had, but I wish to give you my watch. I want you to take it from me as a mark of my gratitude. No, don't refuse. Time is of no value to me now. I die in the morning. Keep it, and thank you again and again."

"Thankee, sir," said the old man, taking the watch, a handsome piece of jewelry. "I don't need——"

"But I want you to have this. I don't know where it could be more worthily bestowed. You did it for her. Good-by."

He deftly ushered the soldier to the door. He wanted to be alone. The reference to the cot was plain to him. The girl he loved was not false. She had been in that room. The keys to freedom lay there. He went to the table where she had leaned her arm and kissed the place where she had written the letter. Then and not until then did he go to the cot. A loaded revolver! He was armed for defence. An iron bar! He could wrench off the bars of the window! Here was a way to freedom!

XIV.

THE ESCAPE OF THE CAPTAIN

THERE was nothing, of course, that Smith could do towards getting away until the darkness came and until the people in the great house and the outbuildings went to sleep. He had plenty of food for reflection, divided between the testimony to her affection which Ellen's visit had afforded and his plans of action when he escaped from his prison. He stood by the window absorbed in thought, staring listlessly across the yard at the inlet beyond, thinking of her and of the future. Owing to his preoccupation, therefore, it was not for some time that he noticed an unusual commotion about the wharf at which the *Ellen* lay and on the hill beyond in the camp of the soldiers, who had been retained at the plantation after his attack to insure order until matters quieted down—and his execution took place, he thought bitterly. Well, if he could help it, or Miss Ellen could, that would be never.

For the first time he was aware of a third steamer off the plantation. He easily recognized his friend of the day before, the *Pamlico*, which was anchored between the *Ellen* at the wharf and the *Greyhound*, moored farther out. It was evident that important tidings and orders of some sort had been brought by the visitor to the force at the plantation. He learned afterwards that the Confederates, fearing an immediate descent upon Hatteras Inlet by the Federals, were assembling every available means for resistance, and the *Pamlico* had been sent to bring to the forts and the undermanned gunboats the troops at the wharf and, if possible, some of the *Ellen*'s crew.

Keenly alive now to what was going on, for these departures materially affected his future plans, Smith let nothing of the movements of his enemies escape him. He saw the battalion of infantry

strike its tents and go on board the steamer, using the boats of the Ellen and the Greyhound for the purpose. More than that, he observed that a large number of the crew of the Ellen did not return to the privateer, and he divined that as the Confederates believed there was nothing to fear from the Greyhound or the Union force, now that his attempt had failed, and that as the Ellen could not be made ready for sea until she could get her guns, they had volunteered temporarily for the Confederate naval force gathering for the defence of the inlet.

He reasoned naturally and clearly that the Ellen would be left with a very short crew. He knew that the survivors of his own detachment were confined aboard her, but a few well-armed, resolute men could look after them, especially as they were probably kept locked under hatches in the forehold. All this fitted in beautifully with a plan which he intended to follow as soon as he made his escape. He sat down after his supper, of which he ate every scrap, knowing that he would need all his strength, and carefully thought over the various possibilities of the situation. That he could get out of the strong room was certain. What his course would be after that was also certain. He had come to capture or destroy that privateer, and he intended to do one or the other. He was under sentence of death anyway, and he had little to risk and everything to gain by the endeavor. It was hardly possible for him to escape from the State, and although life was precious—more precious than ever since his reassurance as to Ellen's fidelity, the knowledge of her love was like new wine to him—he determined to risk it in a desperate attempt to capture or destroy the vessels. Intoxicated, elated, he was in an Homeric mood. He felt he could do great things, and he resolved to do them!

Nor was the attempt to destroy the privateer—and also the Greyhound—so hopeless as might at first be imagined. If by any means he could get access to the prisoners on the Ellen he felt sure that he could overpower the depleted crew, and if he could not take her out, he could at least set her on fire and destroy her and then attend to the Greyhound. If either of the boats had steam up, he might even get away; perhaps he could anyway. He had been lucky in love and was in the mood to believe, in spite of the proverb, that he might be fortunate in war as well; with assurance of Ellen's faith in his heart his mind was in a hopeful and receptive mood.

At ten o'clock the guard was changed. When the relieving guard entered the room to see that Smith was still there he found his prisoner in bed, covered up, and apparently sound asleep. Smith noticed with pleasure and satisfaction that this guard was one of the sailors of the Ellen—at least, he was not a soldier. Evidently they had all gone. Feeling safe from interruption for at least two hours, the young Captain crept out of bed and began to work immediately the man closed

the door. In half an hour he had pried out two great bars from their worn plaster sockets. He could get through the opening by a little squeezing. There was a ten-foot drop to the ground, which was covered with grass. He scraped through the aperture and dropped to the sod without a sound. Drawing and cocking his revolver, he shifted it to his left hand and, carrying his iron bar in his right, he walked cautiously towards the corner of the house. Suddenly a figure started up from the clump of bushes beneath the side of the long gallery. Smith raised his bar, when a frightened voice he recognized whispered:

"Fo' Gawd's sake, Mass' Cap'n, doan hit me! I's Chloe, suh."

"What do you want?" asked Smith softly, lowering the bar.

"Missy Ell'n done axed me to tole yo' dah's a hoss fo' yo' in de trees by de ribbah road. Hit's her own hoss. She done saddle him herse'f so's yo' kin tak him an' git fo' freedom."

"Where is your mistress?"

"I leab her in her room 'bout two hours ago. She's 'fraid dey'll spicion her er somfin' ef she goes out, suh."

Smith hesitated. He would give a good deal to see Ellen. It might be managed, but his duty was paramount. He could not give himself that happiness now.

"Thank her. Tell her from me," he said quickly, "that I shall love her all my life. Good-by."

"I'll tole her. Gawd bress yo', suh."

Smith had no idea of using the horse to escape. He was not bent on escape so much as on destruction. It fitted into his plan, however. He instantly determined what to do with him. He slunk through the yard surrounding the house, meeting no one, fortunately, and not being seen in the thick darkness by any chance watcher who might be stirring, until he reached the grove which led to the road by the river's edge above the wharf. Without difficulty he found the horse tied to a tree. As he did so there was a commotion in the house behind him. For some reason the sentry just then reentered his room. His escape was discovered immediately. The alarm was given. He realized that they would retake him in a few moments unless he acted promptly.

He did not hesitate. He untied the horse, knotted the bridle reins around the saddle-horn, headed the animal down the road, struck it a smart blow, and started it galloping off. Then he did what would seem to be a very foolish thing. He yelled like a madman and fired his pistol. The cry, the shot, the thundering of the horse's hoofs upon the hard shell road, were distinctly audible at the house and on the ship. The few men on the *Ellen* awakened to action. Orders were called out. Lights appeared here and there. Smith did not wait for developments, however. He ran a few feet to the edge of the river bank. He intended to take to the water and swim for it, but by good

fortune he stumbled upon a small punt drawn up on the sandy shore. The oars were lying on the thwarts. He shoved it off noiselessly, clambered into it, shipped the oars, and disappeared in the darkness.

XV.

THE MAJOR'S SURPRISE

CAPTAIN HAYWOOD, seeing no prospect of getting away soon, had gone with the bulk of his command on the Pamlico in the hope of indulging his Southern penchant for a little fighting with the Yankees. In his absence Major Jones had taken up his quarters on the Ellen. The Yankee prisoners were locked up forward, and with half a dozen resolute, heavily armed seamen he felt quite equal to the task of caring for them. He had not gone to the bed which had been made up for him in the captain's room when the confusion at the house apprised him that something was wrong. In a few moments he learned that the prisoner had escaped. The sailor who brought the news, who had been the one on guard, knew nothing as to how it had been effected except that the bars across the window in the room in which the Yankee Captain had been imprisoned had been pried open and the man had gone that way.

Major Jones knew that Smith must have had assistance. He was convinced at once that his daughter had afforded the prisoner the means of escape. He was more enraged at her than before, if that were possible. He had heard the horse, of course, galloping down the road and also the shouts and the pistol-shot. It was natural for him to believe that Smith had gone that way.

He acted with energy and decision. He ordered half a dozen horses saddled, mounted on them three of the Ellen's remaining men and three heavily armed negro slaves, and dispatched the party in pursuit down the road with orders to bring back the prisoner dead or alive. Then he sent for his daughter. In a few moments Ellen presented herself before her irate parent. She had not yet retired, either, and she had been greatly mystified and alarmed by the openness with which her lover's departure seemed to be attended.

"The prisoner," said Major Jones severely, "has escaped."

"I know it. I helped him," she answered boldly, realizing that her part in the transaction could not be hid and choosing to avow it herself without delay.

"Why?" asked her father, controlling his rising indignation with great difficulty.

"For two reasons."

"One will be sufficient."

"Nevertheless, sir, I shall give them both to you. First, I love him"—the Major snorted with rage; "second, you had condemned him

to death unjustly. I would not see an innocent man suffer a cruel punishment which he had not deserved, and——”

“If you were not my daughter,” stormed Major Jones hotly, “I would report you to the commander of the district for treason!”

“You told me last night I was no longer your daughter, but, father——”

“Stop!” cried the old man furiously. “Do not address me in that way. What I said last night I reaffirm now. Do you know that you have cost me hundreds of thousands of dollars, that I am almost ruined! That this privateer——”

“Surely you do not blame me for all these things?” protested the young woman indignantly. “I couldn’t help being captured.”

“I don’t want to hear another word!” raged her father, who was blind with unreasoning anger, choking with uncontrollable passion. “I blame you for everything.”

It was bitterly unjust, but under the circumstances it was understandable.

“But, father——” began the girl again.

“Do I have to tell you again that I do not wish to be addressed in that way by you? That I have no desire to hear more from you? That you have done enough mischief already? By Heaven, I’ll see that you do no more!”

He struck the bell on the table. A man acting as master-at-arms of the Ellen’s depleted crew appeared in the doorway.

“The keys!” demanded the Major.

The man saluted and turned instantly to fetch them.

“What are you going to do with me?” asked the girl.

“Lock you in one of these cabins, where I can keep my eye on you.”

“Shame, sir!” cried Ellen, filled with anger in her turn. “You don’t know what you are doing. You’re beside yourself. I have done nothing dishonorable, nothing that misbecomes a woman. I have been loyal to you to the last. But I shall be no longer. You have repudiated me, you have ordered me away. I shall go. I warn you that I shall marry Captain Smith whenever and wherever he asks me.”

“You’ll have to be quick about it then,” sneered the Major; “he went down the shell road——”

“Yes, and on my horse,” the girl interrupted with flashing eyes and heaving bosom.

“So I supposed. But I have sent a squad of men after him to bring him back alive or”—he had been staring at her for a second and completed his statement with a grim and unrelenting ferocity that appalled her—“alive or dead, Miss.”

“I pray Heaven,” said the girl passionately, uplifting her hands,

"that he may escape! Surely never was a gallant gentleman so misjudged, so misused!"

"A foundling!" sneered her father, "a no-name—a bastard most likely!"

"I will hear no more," said the girl proudly, fiercely resentful of the brutal word; "to me he is a nobler man, a truer gentleman, than"—she stopped in her turn, drew herself up, and looked straight at the Major—"than many of those who have a better right to the name they bear."

"Away with you, you impudent baggage! How dare you insult me so!" thundered the irate Major, beating the table with his clenched fist.

Miss Ellen turned instantly; she had never been so angry in her life.

"Which cabin," she said swiftly, "do you designate as my prison?"

"Take your choice."

She seized the handle of the nearest door at random, flung it open, threw herself into the state-room, and closed the door behind her. The master-at-arms reentered the cabin a moment after. Her father, taking the bunch of keys from him, locked the state-room door and threw the keys on the table before him.

"The prisoners?" he queried sharply.

"They're all asleep, I think, sir, at least they're making no noise," answered the man promptly in the face of his superior's heat.

"See that good watch is kept."

"Ay, ay, sir."

The cabin after the man left was as quiet as possible. The Major's anger was voiceless. Within the state-room adjacent Miss Ellen made no sound. She was choking with sobs, but she would have died rather than have her father hear them. Major Jones sat fuming moodily at the table, his eyes bent upon certain papers upon which he was endeavoring to concentrate his mind after the recent disturbance and excitement, when the door was opened so softly that the Major heard nothing and did not look up at first. When he happened to raise his eyes he found himself staring into the barrel of a revolver and heard a quiet voice exclaim, almost in a whisper,—

"If you move or make a sound, you're a dead man!"

XVI.

MASTERS OF THE SHIP

SMITH had rowed across the Ellen's bows and out to the Greyhound swinging at her anchor. He had made a wide sweep and had noiselessly approached the blockade-runner under the quarter on the side away from the shore and quickly made fast to her. The ebb tide was running

strong, and he had to have something to hold on to keep him from drifting down the inlet to sea. He calculated that whoever might be on the Greyhound would be on the shore side, attracted thereto by the noise and confusion about the house attendant upon his escape. He resolved to hang on to the Greyhound until matters quieted down and then drift clear of her and row back to the Ellen. He could hear the men on the deck above him talking. He gathered that there were but three men on the Greyhound, simply as shipkeepers. Her fires were drawn; evidently she lay helpless.

He waited patiently until the commotion above him had died away, and he surmised from the steady tramp of footsteps to and fro on the deck that two of the men had gone below and that the other remained on watch. Presently he heard the man on watch go forward. Now was his time. He cast off the painter, which had been passed through a ring-bolt, and in an instant the strong current swept the boat clear of the Greyhound. He broke out the oars and, rowing as noiselessly as possible, headed the skiff towards the Ellen. Fortunately the Greyhound was anchored some distance up stream and it did not require any severe pulling to bring the boat alongside the privateer. Thrusting his revolver in his jacket, twisting his iron bar into his belt, he stood up in the boat and made a leap for the dolphin striker,—the Ellen was schooner rigged,—thrusting the boat violently away as he jumped so that she cleared the ship and disappeared in the darkness down the stream. If he succeeded he would have no need of her. If not—well, a coffin would be nearer his size than a skiff. He was staking everything on success.

Cautiously drawing himself up on the jibboom, he gained the deck, then carefully made his way along the deserted gangway. So far as he could discern in the blackness of the night there was but one man on the deck, and he stood aft in the gangway gazing at the shore. Smith, who had taken off his shoes and left them on the heel of the bowsprit, crept towards the unsuspecting Confederate. He moved as stealthily and as softly as a cat or a tiger. The luckless seaman was leaning on the rail staring through the opening made by the gangway to the shore. He had no reason to suspect the approach of anyone behind him. Creeping up close, Smith struck him a quick, heavy blow on the side of the head with his iron bar. The man dropped forward without a sound, but before he fell to the deck his assailant had clasped him in his arms and eased him down silently. The seaman's skull was crushed, and although he was not dead he was incapable of giving an alarm or, indeed, of making a sound. He had not even groaned. No one on the other side of the deck would have suspected anything, so surely and so silently had Smith worked.

"I hated to do it," muttered Smith, straightening the man's limbs

on the deck, "but I had to. It was your life or mine, your duty or mine, poor fellow."

There was a light burning in the cabin abaft him. The Ellen was provided with a raised poop and the cabin was entered from the quarter-deck. Not knowing exactly whom he should meet, but ready for anything, the young man carefully opened the door, and, revolver in hand, confronted Major Jones.

"Well," said the Major in astonishment, "you are a d—d fool!"

"I tell you to keep quiet," reiterated the younger man slowly. "Don't say another word except to answer my questions."

He shoved the barrel of the pistol in the Major's face as he spoke. There was something about the look of his assailant that warned the old soldier that the young man was not to be trifled with under the circumstances. He bit his lips, therefore, and made no sound.

"Stand up," whispered the Yankee Captain softly.

"Would you murder me?" involuntarily whispered the Major as he obeyed.

"I wouldn't harm a hair on your head," answered Smith, much to the relief of a certain young lady who was listening, and through the curtained door staring, in great excitement, from the cabin close by.

"You were going to take my life," he continued, "most unjustly. I will spare yours. You're her father. I mean to have this ship. I came here to get it and I intend to do so."

"What do you wish me to do?" asked Jones.

"Go aft into that cabin yonder. I regret to be compelled to bind and gag you. Silence! silence! don't make a sound, I tell you! If it comes to your life or mine, you know which it will be."

The Major was choking with suppressed wrath, but he was helpless. Into the after cabin he was marched. Smith had provided himself with a coil of light rope while he was on deck. The Major's hands were tied behind his back. Then Smith thrust a gag into his mouth, laughed, and apologized for his harsh treatment.

"I am sorry," he said, "but I have to make sure of you."

Then he set the Major down in a chair,—hard,—lashed his feet together, and finally tied him securely to the chair. He worked with desperate energy, but with the skill and assurance of a man accustomed to handling knots and ropes. Making sure that the gag was all right, and smiling in spite of himself at the futile wrath of the enraged old man, who could only express his anger by the rolling of his eyes, he closed the door softly and stepped back into the cabin.

What should he do next? He had no time for reflection. He had to make up his mind quickly, instinctively. There was a bell on the table. He stepped to it and struck it sharply. Ellen had been about to call out when she heard the tinkle of the bell. Before she said

anything, however, there was suddenly a cry of alarm outside the cabin. Smith sprang quickly to the door. It was burst open by the master-at-arms. He found himself confronted with a pistol.

"What are you shouting about?" asked Smith coolly.

"The man on watch—he has been knocked senseless," answered the man before he realized his position.

"Do you want to follow in his steps?" asked Smith promptly.

"No—no—sir," stuttered the man.

"Then answer my question quickly."

"Where is Major Jones?"

"That is not your business, but I don't mind telling you that he is bound and gagged in the after cabin."

"Who—who—done it?"

"I did. Will you answer me, or shall I treat you as the Major?"

"My God!" exclaimed the man, startled and frightened out of his wits. "What do you want to ask me?"

"How many men are on the ship?"

"Three, sir. At least, there was before—"

"Then there is only one left besides yourself?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where is he?"

"For'ard watchin' the hatchway leadin' into the prisoners' quarters—the forehold."

"Where are the keys?"

"On the table."

"Good," said Smith, picking up the bunch. "Which is the key to the padlock securing the hatch-cover leading into the forehold where the prisoners are?"

"That short brass one, sir," answered the terrified seaman.

"If you are telling the truth, it will be well with you," said Smith, "but if not, I'll kill you the instant I find out you're lying. Now come with me."

He stepped to the door, bade the man face about, caught him by the collar, and with the pistol pressed to his temple marched him forward along the deck. They descended to the berth-deck by the main hatchway. The prisoners were confined forward. The two approached near to the man guarding the place before he discovered them. When he did recognize the master-at-arms he was too much astonished for words or action, and Smith gave him no time to recover himself.

"My man," said the Captain rapidly, "your companion on deck has been killed. I have this man covered. You also are my prisoner. If you do as I tell you, I'll spare your life—keep your hand away from your weapon!"

"Jack!" cried the sailor, staring at the other, "is this true?"

"Ay," assured the master-at-arms, "Jo's been killed."

"We're done fer, then," said the other sailor.

"Lay your gun down on the hatch-cover," ordered Smith. "Now then, face to starboard. March!"

When the man reached the ship's side he continued:

"Put your hands up, stay there, and don't make a sound unless you want to be riddled full of holes. You," to the other man, "unlock the padlocks."

He handed the bunch of keys to the unhappy master-at-arms, who had no choice but to obey his orders.

"Now lift that cover."

The hatch was thrown open.

"Below there!" Smith called out softly but sharply, his triumph thrilling in his voice, "all you St. Lawrences bear a hand."

"What's that?" exclaimed a sleepy voice from the darkness of the hold.

"Captain Smith. The privateer is ours. Up with you! Lively!"

"Well, dash me!" cried a deeper voice, "ef it ain't Cap'n Smith!"

"Ay, ay. Come on deck here, Gantlin! Shake a leg there! Mr. Brown! Mr. Robinson!"

The place below was full of noise now. In a second old Bob Gantlin's grizzled head rose above the hatch-covering. He was followed by Mr. Brown.

"Where's Robinson?" asked Smith quickly.

"Dead, sir."

"Poor fellow! Are the engineers——"

"Both safe, sir," answered Brown, "one of them only slightly wounded."

"Jump up here at once," said Smith, greatly relieved by this piece of news. "The ship is mine. Stow these two Johnnies below. Lively!"

Out of the fifty men with whom he had boarded the Greyhound some thirty were in a condition for service. Fifteen had been killed, five had been so severely wounded as to be unable to get about. Well, thirty would be enough.

"Mr. Brown," said Captain Smith, when they were assembled on the spar-deck, "take ten men and Engineer Martin and go over to the Greyhound. She lies yonder. Take a boat from the Ellen. There are three or four ship-keepers on the Greyhound. Attend to them and then go below to get up steam immediately. Mr. Cleff," turning to the other engineer, "I want you to get up steam on the Ellen in the quickest time you ever did in your life. We're going out on her. Gantlin, send half a dozen men to help Mr. Cleff here. Do you keep the deck for a few moments. There are arm-chests yonder. Arm the men, and if anything approaches from the wharf let me know in good time."

"Ay, ay, sir."

"I'm going into the cabin for a few minutes. Oh, I forgot. Two of you take this poor fellow out on the wharf. Make him as comfortable as you can. His people will attend to him in the morning. I'm sorry, but I had to knock him out. Mind, you let me know if anything stirs, Gantlin."

XVII.

THE RESERVATION OF THE CAPTAIN

HAVING got possession of the privateer thus neatly and expeditiously, and having put matters in train for securing and taking out his prize, Captain Smith stalked aft and entered the cabin. Passing through it, he opened the door of the after cabin, cast off the lashings, pulled out the gag, and set the irate Major Jones free. His wrath had gathered potency, his resentment had increased, during his period of detention and repression. He had heard, if he had not seen, and he knew pretty well what had taken place.

"I'm sorry," said Smith politely, "to have treated a gentleman of your age and position with such apparent discourtesy, but circumstances over which I had no control compelled me to assume a harshness foreign to my nature."

"Damnation, sir!" exclaimed the prisoner as soon as he could speak.

"I wouldn't swear if I were you," remonstrated the Captain.

"I don't need lessons in manners from you, sir!"

"Well, don't you think you need them from somebody, Major?"

"Look here, young man, did you release me to insult me?"

"You are right, sir," answered Smith, "I beg your pardon. I intend——"

"To take me to a Northern prison, I suppose."

"To let you go free. You are a non-combatant."

"By gad, sir, I won't be one long! You've taken my blockade-runner, you've taken my privateer. I hope you're satisfied, curse you! I——"

"Not quite, sir. There is one more thing I must have."

"That is?"

"Your daughter."

"Take her and be damned to you!"

"Thank you, sir. Will you kindly sit down at that table and write a note which I shall have someone take up to the house, requesting her to dress and come here?"

"No, I won't!"

"Pardon me, sir, but you are still a prisoner, you know. You must do what I say. Will you write that note?"

There was no answer.

"I asked you a question, Major Jones," repeated Captain Smith with a ring as of steel in his voice.

"It's not necessary to send for her," answered the Major, sullenly defiant, "she's in there."

"In there?" exclaimed Smith, springing towards the door. "Miss Ellen!" he cried, tugging at the door to get it open.

"The door is locked," said Miss Ellen, demurely enough.

"I see." Captain Smith turned to Major Jones. "Where are the keys, sir?"

"I don't know. They were here."

"You took them with you when you went out with the man," said Miss Ellen from the inner cabin.

"Oh, yes, I remember," said the young officer, fumbling in his pocket. Drawing out the bunch, he tried half-a-dozen before he succeeded in fitting one to the lock and opened the door. Out stepped Miss Ellen.

"Were you in there all the time?"

"Yes."

"Did you hear everything?"

"Every word."

"You heard this young ruffian threaten to murder me and never made a sound!" exclaimed the Major. "It's on a par with your other conduct."

"I knew he wouldn't harm you, sir."

"But if he had?"

"I should have interfered."

"By gad, you've interfered enough in the last two days, you faithless——"

"Pardon me, Major Jones," said Captain Smith, "but I will not allow you to address Miss Jones in this manner. Remember, you are still a prisoner."

"Am I a prisoner too?" queried Miss Ellen.

"You are as free as the air."

"What are you going to do?"

"We're getting steam up as fast as we can and I'm going out to sea with the two ships"—the Major groaned. "Will you go with me, Miss Ellen?—your daughter is my promised wife, Major,—or do you prefer to stay with your father?"

"I tell you I will have none of her!" interrupted the old man savagely. "She has betrayed me. She has been false to me. She has left me. If you want her, take her. I could wish you no worse fortune."

"By Heaven, sir!" said Smith, thoroughly indignant now, "if you give voice to another insult I'll gag you again!"

"Remember, he is my father," remonstrated the girl, laying her hand on her lover's arm.

"I don't admit it," snarled the old man.

"Miss Ellen," said Smith quietly, "we are going away. You can go as my passenger or you can go as—in any capacity you please—or you can stay."

"I will go, and as your promised wife, or not at all."

"Bah!" snorted the old soldier.

"Just a moment, sir," said the Captain. "Those words are sweet to me, and I don't want the effect spoiled by any irrelevant interruptions from you. But, Miss Ellen, do you go with me because your father turns you off or—"

"I go with you because I love you," said the girl, standing very erect and looking directly at him.

He took her hand with an old-fashioned gesture which well became him and kissed it.

"May God condemn me if I ever cause you to regret this decision! Major Jones, when you are ready to leave you are free. I regret more than I can express the loss you have sustained. My share of the prize-money will be considerable. I shall be glad to make it over to you."

"I wouldn't touch a penny of your money!" shouted the old man wrathfully.

"Then I shall see that it goes where I presume your property would eventually have gone, to your daughter."

"Not a cent of money shall you get from me!"

"That makes no difference to you, does it?" asked the girl quickly.

"Miss Ellen, this makes me more anxious to win you than ever," he responded fervently.

Just the old Bob Gantlin burst unceremoniously into the cabin.

"The boatswain's mate," exclaimed Miss Ellen, starting back.

"He's after me this time," laughed the Captain.

"Cap'n Smith," said the old sailor in great alarm, "there's some boats comin' up the inlet, sir. The oars seems to be muffled, but we kin make 'em out, sir. There's half a dozen on 'em, an'—"

"Wait," said the Captain, leaping for the door.

"My turn now," sneered the Major triumphantly.

"Not yet," answered Smith, disappearing.

As he reached the deck he became aware of a small group of horsemen who galloped up the road and halted on the wharf. They dismounted, and one of their number came towards the Ellen. They were the nearest foemen, and they must be attended to first. The American sailors on the privateer were armed with cutlasses, guns, and bayonets. In the darkness they had not been able to get any powder yet. There were still five shots in Smith's revolver, however. He ran to the gangway.

"Back!" he cried. "Stay where you are or I fire."

This was the party of men Major Jones had dispatched after Smith. The approaching man did not stop, and the others, who had dismounted, started towards the ship. The revolver cracked and the foremost man shrieked and fell, a bullet through his shoulder.

"What's the meaning of this?" shouted the second man.

"This ship is in possession of the United States. If you do not wish to be shot down, run for your lives."

The men turned and fled instantly, taking with them their wounded comrade.

"The boats, sir," said Gantlin, "they're close aboard."

Smith ran to the other side. There he discerned a black blur on the water. He heard the unmistakable "cheep" of oars in the row-lock—a man-of-war stroke, he thought. As he stared he made out a second, then a third. His heart sank within him. Was he to fail, after all? At least, they should have a fight for it.

"Men," he said, "we'll make 'em fight like hell when they come alongside."

The statement was received with cheers by the St. Lawrence's men, led by Gantlin. The boats were closer now, concealment was no longer possible. There was an answering cheer from the water. The men on the thwarts bent to the oars.

"That's no rebel yell," cried Smith excitedly.

"That's a man-o'-war stroke an' a man-o'-war cheer," cried Gantlin.

"Boat ahoy!" shouted Smith, hollowing his hand.

There was no answer from any of the boats, now close aboard.

"We have captured this privateer!" roared Smith. They could lose nothing by telling the truth now. "We're from the St. Lawrence. Keep off. Declare yourselves or I'll fire! Who are you?"

"I believe I know that voice," came from the nearest boat.

"Dillingham?" exclaimed Smith eagerly.

"Ay, is it Captain Smith?"

"It is."

"Well, I'll be damned!" exclaimed Dillingham, swinging his boat alongside. "I always get there too late," he said disgustedly as he mounted to the deck. "Not hearing from you, the Commodore got anxious and ventured to send the Wamego through the inlet and across the sound. Nobody saw us. We had no chart and had to wait until nightfall, and then, not daring to take the ship in here, Captain Chase gave me this boat expedition. We supposed you were killed or captured."

"Not a bit of it," said Smith confidently, "we're just getting up steam to get away. I'm awfully glad you came, though. Bring your

men on board and send one boat's crew over to the Greyhound. I want to bring her out as well."

"Do you know the river?"

"I marked it well when I came in and I guess I can get along."

"Beg pardon, sir," said a man coming out of the darkness, "but Mr. Cleff says that he'll have steam up in five minutes."

"Quick work, that," said Smith gleefully; "we'll cast off at once. First, I want you to come into the cabin a moment, Dillingham."

"Luck is against you, Major," said Smith genially, "the boats are ours, not yours. Allow me to present to you Lieutenant John B. Dillingham, of the United States ship Wamego."

"Glad to meet you, sir," said Dillingham, who was very much mystified.

"It's more than I am," said the Major, turning his back.

"And this," said the Captain, facing Dillingham about, "is Miss Ellen Jones, my affianced wife."

"Well, you are in luck," said Dillingham with a sailor's frankness; "and you have reason to be congratulated as well, Madam."

"Are you through with me?" asked the Major.

"Yes," answered Smith, "we're about to cast off."

"Father," said Ellen piteously, "before I go won't you——"

"Silence!" cried the unrelenting old man. "You've got a fool for a husband and he's got——"

"You're not off the ship yet, Major," said Smith warningly; "you can call me a fool if you like, but you'd better stop right there. You can't say anything against my promised wife."

The Major stamped his foot in rage and stalked out of the cabin.

"Dillingham," said Smith, "see him over the side, will you? I'll be out in a moment."

"I understand," said Dillingham, smiling.

"Oh," said Smith, approaching the blushing Ellen when they were alone, "I thought you were a traitor, but you are an angel!"

"No," said the girl, choking back a sob, "only a woman whose father has cast her off, who has nothing but——"

"I shall try to be everything to you," said the young man.

"You will have to be," said Miss Ellen, smiling through her tears, and then she was lost in his arms.

The evening after these exciting adventures the little flotilla, led by the privateer, with the blockade-runner in the middle and the gun-boat in the rear, flags flying from every masthead, rounded to off the lee of the St. Lawrence, which had been cruising to and fro on the ocean off Ocracoke Inlet. A boat was called away on the Ellen and rowed to the frigate.

"Commodore," said the triumphant Smith to the old sailor, who met him at the gangway, "yonder is the Ellen and here"—he turned and took the hand of a young lady who had preceded him up the battens—"is the lady?"

"Did you bring them both to me, sir?" laughed the Commodore.

"No, sir. You may have the privateer. The lady I reserve for myself."

Gentle reader, would you have enjoyed this story more if the protagonists of the tale had not belonged to the great, noble, and widely diffused Smith-Jones families?

GOLGOTHA

BY CLARENCE URMY

I TOILED up to the mountain's crest,
The mob was at my side;
I heard them cry with ribald jest,—
"Let him be crucified!"

Close at my feet were two I knew,—
Firm friends, I would have sworn,—
One wove my name in reed and rue,
And one a crown of thorn.

I looked to see who drove the nail,
He drove so hard and fast,
And lo, a man whose shallop frail
I sheltered from Fate's blast!

I turned to see who held the spear,
It was a woman-thrust!
A woman I had snatched from Fear
And lifted from the dust.

I begged a drink—a bitter cup
Was lifted to my lip
By one with whom I used to sup
In sweetest fellowship.

I woke—a horror in my heart,
An agony supreme . . .
I felt it like a Ghost depart,
But was it all a dream?

PHILADELPHIA IN JUNE

By an Exile



AFTER long years of exile how strange and foreign it seemed to be warmed by a day of June, instead of grumbling at wet fields and cloudy skies?

I had forgotten long ago the really hot days of July which my childhood knew. When July came again I lived through it somehow in comatose idleness; often I awoke in the darkest hours of night oppressed with horror, like the foreboding of a terrestrial explosion, and would not now willingly let my thoughts return to that hot spell; but this day of June was an average summer day when the thermometer in a shaded hall only ranged from eighty-nine to one hundred degrees, yet on me every hour was impressed as by a touch of flame. In the presence of this cool English June let me live it again hour by hour.

Arriving at night in Philadelphia, I had put up at a hotel. My windows, left open to the air, admitted shrill, piercing noises, very different from the monotonous throb of traffic in London streets. From the four streets surrounding the hotel sounded the incessant striking of signal bells and weird, prolonged cries, such as might be produced in fairyland by the giant ogre playing—very badly indeed—on a giant fiddle with one string. Dragging myself from unrefreshing pillows, I looked out of window and there indeed saw the fiddle-string strained over many miles of street, from river to river and over the Schuylkill and beyond; evidently it was the electricity-laden wire which moved the trams, for it was ingeniously suspended over the rails by an endless perspective of gibbets and cross wires. Wherever the electric wire touched the supporting wires it was attached and disconnected by a porcelain ball. A tram-car came whizzing down the street, stroking the wire above with a long bow. The wire, responsive, uttered a strident, piercing note, rising to an agonized yell as the bow approached the isolating button, where the wire tightened; then the note was broken an instant, dropped to a lower key, gradually rising to another yell, another break, and then “da capo” for ever. As one tram-car passes on, another comes, then another and others, all fiddling on the same string. On the streets running north and south other trolleys, as they are called in America, slide on in infinite succession with like accompaniments of stringed and brass instruments.

Truly it hums in Philadelphia!

The national vices of America are early breakfasting and punctuality—breakfast at seven in summer and eight in winter, and punctuality all day long pricking the heels of leisure. I must stop to paint an allegory of Punctuality, who appears as a cruel tyrant, sword in hand, slaughtering the little, idle, cherubic, gambolling Minutes, and sternly driving Time with chains on leg and wing. Not Procrastination but Punctuality is the thief of Time!

And this brings me to the hurry of dressing for breakfast, when the gentlest exercise of brushing my hair so overheated me that a return to the bath was necessary. The thinnest organdy dress was chosen, and I went to the pleasant breakfast-table crisp and fresh. Breakfast consisted of fruit, porridge, coffee, fish, broiled chops, fried potatoes, hot biscuits, and ice-water, of which only the first and last items appealed to my appetite.

After this refreshment, while the day was still considered cool, I started for the country.

Though all houses of the well-to-do were shuttered and barred, their owners being evidently out of town, working people coming in from suburbs thronged the streets and crowded the trolleys. I scrambled into a high open car, where there was just room to stand and cling to an overhead strap. All vehicles cleared the track as we whizzed down the street, devouring space and a delicious draught. The street soon narrowed to a dark ravine overshadowed by precipitous office-buildings twenty-five stories high. The aborigines in Western America were cliff dwellers and their customs have been adopted by the civilized invaders. Within these great cliff dwellings elevators, or, as we say in simple English, "lifts," whizz up and down, some express to the top, some calling at floors on the way, and at every journey fling out a puff of steam above the roof, an appreciable influence on the atmosphere.

My errand took me to a bank in one of these great piles, where I found the clerks in shirt-waists or white silk jackets, looking cool and calm in a spacious marble hall with a brisk breeze blowing from electric fans. My business in this pleasant place was dispatched all too quickly, and I started on a short railway journey for an old Quaker inn in Montgomery County. It was now ten o'clock, and the long railway "cars," though built to invite draught, were baked in glaring sun and already crowded, as American carriages always are excepting the Pullman, and those are not found on suburban trains. The seats on each side of the central passage were intended for two people at exceedingly close quarters. The average Philadelphia woman is surprisingly wide.

Hawthorne's rude description of the stout Englishwoman is far

more applicable to the Philadelphian of mature age. She carries about the broadest evidence of good living, while surely most English-women look abstemious and athletic. The happy Englishwoman can exercise at all seasons; her athletic energies are never squelched by such unendurable heat as now poured down on the sunny side of the train, where I shared a bench with one of the broadest specimens of our sex, unable to avoid contact, or, rather, adhesion—both of us warm, moist, disagreeable, and hating each other for being where we were. My face streamed, my kid gloves became soaked and stained and had to be thrown out of the window, the sleeves of my organdy dress printed their flowery pattern on my arms, a scorching, cinder-laden wind blew in at the windows and powdered all these damp surfaces with ashes. I became a limp, dirty, dilapidated scarecrow. Pleasant villas flew past our sight, clusters of villas in villages all new, consisting mainly of wide verandas furnished with rocking-chairs and sunblinds. In the gardens were great beds of cannas and hollyhocks, hydrangeas and many flowering trees, and the low wire fences were covered by honeysuckle. No inhabitants are visible, for it is their wise custom to spend much of the day in darkened retreats and dressing-gowns while the glaring sun scorches down his track. At last my station!

The Friends' meeting-house and the old William Penn Inn, set in an acre of great trees, were plainly distinct in the thin atmosphere, and the road to them lay plain and white up hill. There seemed no chance of a conveyance, so I set off afoot under the wondering gaze of the station-master. He knew what it meant to walk a mile at midday.

And I soon discovered.

In the thin atmosphere the old Quaker buildings and their luxuriant trees seemed very near, but as I trudged onward the road lengthened and the goal disappeared. To pass the first field with its high railed fence was a long-desired stage of the journey. Already the heat had grown terrible. The white turnpike burned underfoot and its white dust hung like a mist in the air, and both lengthened out interminably, field after field. Beautiful woods, far back from the road, surrounded mansions and farmhouses, but no rich hedge, lively with birds, cast its welcome shade on my path. The fields were divided by wooden fences or oftener by wires. Pointed cedar-bushes often marked their course.

Corn was ripening, and the great, rustling leaves of maize were half grown. Very far off glimmered a little white toll-gate with a cooling tree and brilliant hollyhocks. I looked upon this little abode as an oasis. There I might find water to bathe my boiling head. My body seemed melting away; perhaps all the evil was being distilled out of my system. Thirty summers in England had not so liquefied

my solid flesh as this one morning. I wondered what would happen to a moist English snail or slug in such a climate, whether I was in danger of melting away as they would and what sort of a body would be left? The only creatures that seemed at all active were grasshoppers of various sizes and colors, and they were springing and bounding in swarms on every grassy margin. There was my answer! That is the body which survives heat.

If this evaporation continued much longer I should shrink and shrivel to just such a minute form, outwardly a hard shell. What is a grasshopper? Something resembling a locust, but very much smaller. They have small wings and six legs, the hindmost rather like the legs of a kangaroo, which enable them to hop with amazing force. They spend all their time hopping. Oh, how I wished for their strength of limb! Did I really make any progress on the lonely road between its fields full of grasshoppers? Not even a bird-song! Not a sign of other life! Light seemed to vibrate over the glaring fields and also a curious vibration of sound grew louder and louder. Was it a ringing in my ears, or did it really palpitate from the earth? or was it fairy violins playing a difficult symphony, a sort of accompaniment to a song always expected, millions and millions of violins quivering their expectant manœuvres for the soloist who would not sing! I forgot my misery in looking for the elfin musicians. At last, resting on a bank at the edge of a wheat-field, I saw on every stalk, on every straw, under every leaf, one of the hard-shelled grasshoppers, his whole body dry, hollow, and vibrating as any fiddle, and when he scraped his hind legs, slender as the finest string, sometimes with a foreleg, sometimes with a wing, he produced this weird music. It had a certain restful monotony and rhythmical cadence quite delightful. Now and then big bass-viols boomed from a pond in the hollow; sometimes from a tree a louder and mellower thrill; sometimes all in a wide district paused and listened to the distance whence called to them myriads of their race. As I listened to this pulsating life and lost my misery in vague speculations, meanwhile automatically trudging on, I found myself suddenly at the Inn. A delicious bucket of clear water stood ready for the next horse, which without a moment's hesitation I appropriated, plunging in my arms and pouring handfuls over my head. What a blessed relief!

At last shade and rest! Under a wide veranda the barman and hostler sat smoking cigars dressed in shirtwaists and straw hats, their chairs tilted against the wall and heels elevated on the railing, enjoying the leisure noonday hours when man and horse stir not abroad. In a room above shaded with venetian blinds and guarded with mosquito gauze sashes I tried to cool. I could see a rough fruit-garden where languid fowls rolled in their dust-holes, and presently a man

opened a door under a turfed hummock and brought out, on a barrow, great blocks of clear ice. The hens eagerly ran after him, sipping the cold water that melted from it as he wheeled away to the kitchen and the precious ice-cream freezer. No wonder that ice-cream is the national dish in America!

The June dinner soon offered every possible hot meat and vegetable and ice-cream in abundance. Thereby refreshed, I betook myself to the upper veranda, which was so closely surrounded by maples that it seemed like a parlor in a treetop. Through an opening in the leafage miles of rich country could be seen. Far and near floated the eerie music, from the branches at hand trilled the little tree grasshoppers, "Katy did, Katy didn't," answered like a phrase of the concert, and occasionally the fierce, prolonged rattle of a locust's castanets. All other creatures, even man, silent and still! All the trees about the house are whitewashed some feet up their boles, and near by is a cherished rose-garden inclosed in a whitewashed paling. Whiffs of tobacco attest that the barman and hostler are still on their lower veranda, undisturbed by travellers. No wind stirs the light dust, no cloud veils the unwinking sky, and yet the hot air is heavy with moisture. The baking earth shimmers or radiates. A sort of stupor possesses one. The best is to sit still, eating ice-cream, sipping lemonade, and evaporating, in lucid moments to remember the moist fields and cloudy skies of England.

At last the glaring sun descends, then a sudden breeze flutters the foliage, light straws or dust begin to dance in circles, first a few steps, then a fierce measure. The fairy fiddles are still with dread. The valley darkens in awful silence and clouds roll together on the rushing wind. Trees bend and shiver and turn out the white linings of their foliage, dogs and poultry crawl into shelter, and wise men shut doors and windows, for lightning rides on the draught and is sure to touch more than one of those trees or houses with its fiery sword. The roar and flash are such as England never sees. A Niagara of rain, welcome though terrible, bathes the dry earth, and soon the world, cooled and moistened, sparkles in the setting sun. Then people in light vehicles drive out to taste the air, my young friends come on horseback, and while we sit in the darkness sipping iced lemonade or sherbet the multitudinous voices of the grass and leaves again rehearse their symphony. From the distant pond booms the heavy frog note, from overhanging branches trills the contented undiscoverable tree-frog. The myriad grasshoppers tune up their wiry legs and fiddle with fresh enthusiasm. The stinging swarm of mosquitoes sing around a little lamp in the hall. Fire-flies flicker everywhere. We listen to them and are idle.

The young people tell me of their preparations to celebrate the

Fourth of July—Independence Day. There will be Roman candles, bonfires, firecrackers, squibs, rockets and set illuminations, fiery wheels, and ice-cream!

I am silent in admiration of these descendants of the British race, who alone could have had the energy, on a scorching Fourth of July, to feel and to declare *Independence* and to commemorate its anniversaries in fiery emblems forever. Nay, even to abjure the plum-pudding which blazes so cheerfully at English Christmas dinners and to celebrate that season in seasonable *ice-cream*!

Give me more ice-cream and let me remember the dripping June roses and cool Julys of old England with rest and thanksgiving!



BRIDAL

BY MARIE VAN VORST

COME up, come up, you pretty things!
The Spring is at your feet;
Come up, come up, you blue-bells,
And the winds will kiss you sweet!
You never saw the skies so blue,
I'm sure you never heard
The lilting and the song all through
Of Spring's first bird.

Come up, come up, you Mary-Buds,
For never did you see
The dawning and the flowering
Of the wedding day o' me.
You never heard the church-bells ring
A peal so frolic gay—
Come up, come up, you pretty things,
I'd garland you to-day!

He bade me wear him Mary-Buds,
But never do I find
A flower all the meadows through
To deck me to my mind.
To go to him ungarlanded
Would be a sorry quest—
Come up, come up, you Mary-Buds,
I'd wear you on my breast.

THE REMITTANCE MAN

By Will Levington Comfort



CHADWICK, of the London *Traveller*, needed a man. Bidigare was on the spot and took the commission. I had a similar commission for an American journal, so that our work brought us together. The work in question was to follow the first campaign of the second Japanese army in Manchuria. We embarked from Moji one soft night in early summer on an Island Empire transport clearing for Langcheng, Manchuria.

It always seemed to me that I had seen Bidigare before somewhere; and apart from this, he reminded me, in the swift, elegant way he rolled a cigarette, of one of the busiest little American packers for good and bad that ever rode over the unmitigated harshness of Luzon. He had been in the Orient long, but his humor still lived. There was about him an instant readiness to look into all matters and places, from temples to tea-houses, and he was equipped with a superlative cheerfulness for any adventure. More than this, he knew the East; could order an elaborate dinner in Japanese, manipulate sampan and rickshaw coolies, and enchant imperial geishas between songs. He was also coherent in Chinese, and on occasion operated a *manner* which I frankly believe would melt a bronze god into whispering graceful confidences.

Though our acquaintance began in Japan, intimacy took effect during the voyage across the Yellow Sea. It must be known that after the Boxer trouble I had started a little garden at home in a city flat, believing in the fulness of my joy that the wars of the world were at an end. Now I was mighty hungry to see that little garden, though just beginning upon a bigger campaign than ever.

Biddy left me suddenly one midafternoon. I found him a little later, awake in his bunk and a bloodless look on his face. The way he answered my first question showed me that he wanted to be left alone. I was fighting a malignant case of nostalgia at the time and felt that I should have the centre of the stage with my blue devils.

He didn't go below to dinner, but walked with me afterwards on the abbreviated promenade in a jam of Japanese officers. Even the Yellow Sea can be beautiful, and it was that night, silvered and em-purpled by a full moon. Suppressing all irritation, but with a large

idea of my forbearance in ignoring the breach of the afternoon, I started the conversation.

"Just between the Philippine and the Boxer mix-ups," I said, "fever supplied a strong reason for my return to the States. A half-hour before the transport cleared from Manila harbor, your double, Biddie, climbed aboard and tried to arrange to go home on the ship. The quartermaster was a fresh one and mean as acid. He wouldn't even allow the little chap to peel potatoes for a passage. I've hated that quartermaster ever since. The look on your ringer's face—when he found he couldn't make it—got right home to me. These are flinty shores to a white man in trouble——"

"You see, I had lost my front," Biddy said, with a catch in his voice.

"Forgive me if it were you," I put in hastily. "Honestly, I wouldn't have mentioned it, except that I thought I was mistaken."

"There isn't a speck of harm done," he answered. "I had a fit to see the States again—that day in Manila. I have been over here seven years now."

I had been away from my garden less than four months, and I was very much ashamed of my thoughts of the afternoon.

"Why, Biddy?" I asked gently.

"My father concluded once upon a time that he didn't want to see me again; told me that if I minded to stay in Asia, he would pay me a piece of money every quarter through the Hong Kong and Shanghai banks—otherwise nothing. I chose Asia, which isn't so bad, only sometimes I feel as if I would be crucified if I couldn't pull out on the next ship. That day in Manila was one of the times; to-day another, but they don't hit me so hard now. This land of hideous mien you finally embrace, and all that."

"You've got to report for your money at one of the banks on a certain day or it stops. Is that the idea, Biddy?"

"Exactly. You know one could look around 'Frisco for a fortnight and still get back here within three months, but I've always had so many debts to pay that I never could raise a round-trip ticket with the balance. I expect to get caught up, though, through this deal with Chadwick."

"Who knows you are over here on remittance?" I asked.

"The bank people—and now you, that's all," he said. "If I had told it generally, do you suppose Chadwick would have taken me on?"

I gripped his shoulder as we picked our way back and forth along the deck—I, the first in seven years to be honored with his story. I thought of the sweet lure of my garden and the seedlings two; then of my little companion who was not even allowed to see the Faral-

Iones and the precious boundaries beyond. . . . I wondered what he had done that his father imprisoned him in Asia. It was not drink, for he could imbibe as sanely as any man.

"We shall go home together when the campaign is over, Biddy," I whispered.

"That's what we're out for," he answered slowly.

We were riding northward along the railroad a score of miles above Langcheng. As far as we could see behind, the invasion marched,—on either side of the roadbed,—two streams of swaying bayonets, a sinister and shining spectacle.

"There aren't any more soldiers in the world," said Biddy whimsically. "When do we get to Moscow? They misinformed me when I was a child. They told me that war was made up of battles. It isn't. You founder ponies and eat irregularly—that's war."

"But they had a big fight at Lancheng just before we got there," I said.

"They had a monument built at Bunker Hill before I got there," Biddy replied.

A hospital train was creeping past north-bound. Odors of drugs and voices of pain were in the air, ashen faces at the windows, and behind the windows all the horrid results of shrapnel splinters and long-range rifle steel. "You don't have to doubt that sort of history," I told him. "And there will be more of it, you scoffer, when we get up towards Fengmarong."

We were travelling with a polite little Japanese person, General Nozaku, in command of seventy thousand men. We didn't think that Nozaku was authorized. It appeared to me that I had seen many of his kind serving in Japanese restaurants and behind curio counters. His voice was as soft as a woman's and his beard wasn't iron-gray. Indeed, Biddy suggested that a marooned painter would have a hard time gathering a pastelle-brush from Nozaku's beard; and he informed me that the General spoke drawing-room Japanese to his staff. The generals I had known—roared! They not only split infinitives, but forked them with flame.

We rolled up into the hills before Fengmarong and hid ourselves, and all was expectation. Nozaku's was one of three Japanese armies taking position before the town; and there was, besides, a huge flanking force, now lost to the world but destined to appear at the proper time. The General, busier than before but no less polite, informed us that we were braced against the Russian southern front. We understood this better on the morning that the battle began, when we heard unseen legions open the pot to the right and left and roar each other one better all day long.

"It is as we feared," Biddy said disconsolately after dark. "We're

booked on the wrong ship. This Nozaku is an ornament merchant. He doesn't intend to fight any. But say, weren't the sounds rejuvenating?"

"Inspiring," said I.

"War is a horrible thing," he went on. "Why, I saw smoke—a valley full of smoke!"

"Biddy," I said feelingly, "we have sat at the rim of hell's mouth to-day. Our call to go down will come soon enough. This is no laughing matter."

I had heard men laugh on the eve of battle before. Mostly the laughter was dead to mirth, an outbreak of nerves. Some men commune with their gods and some with their memories; others bred for ructions await the joining of action in full and joyous anticipation, as a boy on the eve of the Fourth. To me it was a dark and dangerous game, this war, and the lure of it, which was strong in my brain at home, grew cold at the point of realization and mingled with the white hands of fear which groped for me from behind.

Still, on the second day, Nozaku merely trifled. His outposts fired a little at the southern front, but it was a shaky, lack-hearted attack. And all day the baying of the war-dogs was borne to us from the east and west.

"This is a crime," Biddy declared, when we were in darkness once more. "Here's seventy thousand cocky little brownies too strong to tote a rickshaw or punt a sampan lying doggo here when there is a city to take. Those fellows yonder in the alleged Russian trenches ought to rise and smite 'em, hip and thigh and wrist. Once there was a man named Lawton whose cavalry could climb trees. He would start this mess running like a paraffin factory on fire."

It may have been that I was not fully awake, but the fact is that I followed the beckoning of Biddy the next morning. Before I realized that his purpose was to shake off all restraint and nose out the dynamos of action, we were clear of headquarters, the guard, and the other correspondents as well. Had it not been for the unusual activity in Nozaku's command that morning there is little doubt but that we would have been captured and brought back to camp in disgrace. Apparently, however, we were lost before missed. Biddy had chosen the psychic moment.

After an hour's descent we reached the base of the valley, and were in the midst of Nozaku's extreme advance. The southern line of entrenched Russian infantry was not more than a half-mile ahead; and beyond the first earthworks of the enemy the land was pitted and upheaved to the wall of the city, having the appearance, as Biddy expressed it, of the skin of a smallpox convalescent. There was no sign of life ahead; and although it was plain that shrapnel ordnance

was emplaced upon the higher mounds, and that there were machine guns upon the top of the wall, the summer morning appealed to me more, with its strong light and genial warmth and silence. Nozaku's van lay in the trampled grain just ahead, and there were crushed wild-flowers at our feet.

"If it weren't for that secular racket to the right and left," Biddy whispered, "this would seem to me like going to church back in Shiawassee County."

Two minutes afterwards the illusion vanished. Unwonted activity was apparent behind. The whole Japanese command was settling forward. Back on the ridge, one of the General's couriers was galloping madly towards the eastern lines.

"It looks as if Nozaku were going to do something to-day," I remarked faintly.

"I won't believe it until I see it coming," Biddy answered; and even as he spoke another courier spurred down the hill-trail at crazy speed towards the commander of the van.

In the next moment I had all the thoughts of one who, blindfolded and bare of chest, stands against a wall and hears the click of a half-dozen triggers cocked in his behalf. It was clear to me now that Nozaku was at last aroused; clear that my garden was panting for me, and perhaps in vain forever; clear that I should have abided in dignity upon the hill, and not followed the beckoning of a firebrand down into the very stoke-hold of war.

A high, thin, but penetrating voice was raised in command behind, followed by a chorus of trumpets. A moment later, the leader of the van roared a command which his buglers repeated; then the latter's men leaped up from the prostrate grain and trotted forward. A roar from the rear caused me to turn. Nozaku had hurled his seventy thousand my way—a tornado, stampede, and prairie fire rolled into one—Nozaku whom we had calumniated!

"Oh, joy," Biddy bubbled. "Do let us play tag with these children! We are it. Come, my angel brother—come!"

There was no doubt about it. I had a corner on every thought pertaining to my own welfare. Nozaku seemed to have forgotten me. Biddy didn't care for himself nor for me. He had no garden; he hadn't even seen the holier land for over seven years. Since there was a cataclysm thundering down upon me from behind, I ran from it.

Moments passed and we neared the first Russian trench, which preserved its silence. I clutched at the tithe of a hope. Possibly the Russians had left their position, and Nozaku, who knew his business, was merely trotting his men forward to occupy the abandoned works. I began to perceive the grandeur of the movement, the inspiration of

the morning, and the invincibility of the brown cyclone tearing over the ruffled valley.

"Great—eh, Biddy?" I panted.

We were six hundred yards from the nearest Russian rifle-pits. The little man's reply strengthened me.

"Nozaku is a piker," he said jerkily. "He has waited for a sure thing. The enemy is cooling its toes in Lake Baikal by this time."

All that happened the next moment as we ran forward was a jumble then; it is clearer now. First a white fog shot upward, veiling the trenches and the city wall. Ten men were rushing forward in close formation just before us—then only one. Some Russian gunner had made a spare. I remember the whistling shriek of shrapnel and the gusts of rifle-steel that roared above my head, and I remember that never a wild-rose of boyhood time smelled half so sweet to me as the ancient soil of Asia that moment.

Biddy was upon his hands and knees, a joyful grin perched upon his countenance. "No more will I hunt tigers in Korea," he crooned. "This is the game for me!"

"Be not weary," said I. "Indulge yourself. Never mind me. I can't let go of this sweet mainland. Space is limited on my paper."

He jumped up with the van (which had burrowed for the volley) and ran forward in the midst of the Japanese. The turf, wrapped about my ears, rung with the drumming feet of Nozaku's tens of thousands. Just as the main body began to sweep over me, Biddy, thirty feet ahead, was effaced from vision by a chariot of smoke and fire. I crawled towards him in deadly fear. The air cleared, and I marvelled to find him mainly in one piece.

He was sitting upright upon the ground, the same grin upon his blackened face. His hat was gone; his scalp bleeding; his coat-sleeve burst open, as if it had been wet brown paper; the sole of his left shoe torn away entirely, and a bare and bloody foot exposed. It was this foot that hurt him.

"Now it's queer about that shrapnel," he mumbled. "I'm interested in that shrapnel, and I haven't got any more toenails on that foot than a bee."

Nozaku's charge was three miles long, and fifty men deep where we were. The soldiers were leaping over us and brushing past. Though shielding my head from their boots and rifle-butts, I caught a glance now and then at the sweating brown faces—their squinting eyes red with fury, their upper lips twisted and drawn as if by snarling muscles—and not a zephyr of fear in the whole command!

"Biddy," said I, "let us back to the snow-capped peaks."

The little fiend didn't hear me. He was watching the valley, which now seethed with a flood of Island Empire men, upon whom the Rus-

sians had turned loose a blizzard of hot metal. . . . A terrific crash, a blast of dust, burnt powder, filings, and sickening gases—and that which an instant ago was a dashing young captain with upraised sword, is now wet rags and dripping fragments strewn upon the ground! So fared our neighbor.

"He's happy now," Biddy muttered, wiping the blood from his eyes. "Nervy devils all—never doubt it! That little officer was playin' to a gallery of Samurai saints."

"Biddy, don't you hear the hills a-callin'?" I pleaded. "I'll help you up."

"And they're going to get walloped!" he yelled, unheeding—"be-yoot-ti-fly walloped, I arise to state—sure's there's balm in Gilead!"

The Japanese had swarmed down to within three hundred yards from the first Russian trench. The position of the enemy was now obscured by trembling terraces of white smoke rising to the wall. From out this fog poured countless streams of death, literally spraying Nozaku's command as firemen play their torrents upon a burning building. A rat couldn't have lived five minutes in the base of that valley. The Japanese were jerked up and whirled back, leaving their tribute upon the field. As I looked, in fear and fascination, upon the prone portion of Nozaku's command, a peculiar memory recurred—that of a runaway team of huge grays attached to a loaded coal-wagon; the tail-board of the wagon had jarred loose and the contents were streaming out behind.

"Come, Biddy," I said, lifting him to his feet, "we're going home now."

"Be a little gent and see it out," he whimpered, his eyes fixed upon the oncoming retreat and the murder of its rear-guard.

"It's out," I gasped, dragging him towards the sheltering hills.

. . . Twice more that day the foundations of the world were shaken, and I placed my knees upon Biddy's chest and held him to his bunk, while Nozaku launched his army against that invincible terrace of smoke and flame and spread the valley with human débris.

In the twilight we went to pay our devoirs to the General at headquarters. He greeted us with more than Castilian courtesy, but to my eyes all the brightness had gone from him; there was something cold and knife-like in the presence of the immaculate little chief.

"This has been a terribly busy day for you, General," I stammered.

"Not at all," he replied, smiling. "To-morr' may be busee, ent'ring de citee. To-day we mere—what you call—at-track de intentions of our frenz de enemy."

". . . And he has slain ten thousand of his own men this day of

our Lord," I whispered in an awed tone when we were alone, "this ornament merchant!"

"He'd put out the inferno; he's too cold to burn!" said Biddy, limping at my side.

The little man was blistered and cut on the scalp, arm, and foot, but miraculously undamaged considering. The next day we entered Fengmarong. Shortly afterwards Biddy was needed in Tientsin to attend his banking business, and he carried with him to an uncensored cable his story of the battle and mine—how Nozaku had held the southern Russian front with assaults, while the Japanese flankers sneaked in behind and forced the Russians to evacuate the city to save their communications with Europe.

Six weeks later we again watched the nerveless Nozaku sweep down into the whirlpool at the Shah-ke River; and it was not long after that, when winter sealed the history of the first campaign, I said to Biddy,—

"They need us at home in the islands of the blessed."

The little man sighed luxuriously, and one of the finest, fairest looks that I ever saw crept over his face. . . . We reached Japan, a joyous pair, having done our work, and well. Back pay and reimbursements awaited us in Tokyo. The next liner for the States cleared from Yokohama (eighteen miles away) in three days; Biddy's quarterly remittance was ten days distant.

"Cut it," said I. "You've got money; you've caught up; you've made good in the eyes of Chadwick with a rush and are fixed for next campaign. Turn Mother Asia loose; come home with me and point out to your Dad how the family name is brandishing over the English press at the head and foot of red-hot war-stuff!"

"I was only waiting for you to say so," Biddy replied. "The arrangement turns on the hot and cold in my joyous organism."

The last night in Tokyo I spent abroad. Biddy was not in his room at the Imperial when I returned at midnight. The linguist at the desk below informed me that my good friend, with certain other gentlemen, was being entertained in the apartments of a French officer. I was admitted. Biddy nodded to me. There were disks of three colors before him, and an expression upon his face that was new to me.

I arose early the next morning, as we were to take the ten o'clock train for Yokohama and embark at four in the afternoon. Biddy was in his room, fully dressed and smoking by the open window, although the morning was cold. Evidently he had not slept. There was a smile on his lips, but he did not take his hands from his eyes as I entered.

"Are you ready, Biddy?" I asked nervously.

"I'm a remittance man yet," he said, looking up with a gritty laugh. "Campaigning didn't change my luck and the old game got to me. Even half of what's coming next week is mortgaged."

"Biddy," said I earnestly, "pack up your traps. Praise be to war,
I've got the price for two!"

"Why, I couldn't keep a front and do that," he said simply. "One
more campaign, old pal, and we'll go home together and in style."
And I went back to my garden alone.

THE VESPER SPARROW

BY ROSCOE BRUMBAUGH

MY father did not guess its name,
Some common word was all he knew;
And yet its song was just the same
Sweet cadence of the falling dew.

How oft I've seen him linger, when,
His face turned towards the waiting gate,
He paused to hear in twilight then
The vesper calling to its mate.

A little trill in minor key,
A heart-break bursting into song;
The longing for the love to be,
The plaintive cry of hidden wrong.

My father loved the vesper bird,
His open heart thrilled through and through;
Some secret word his spirit heard—
Some message that no other knew.

A DAY

BY HENRY ANDERSON [LAFLER

THE green earth, the intense sun, the solemn sky,
And I
Are the world, save great white clouds that lie
On high.
Born from the blue and borne on the wings of the wind,
Brief lives they live, as great thoughts born in the mind,
That die.

HICKORY DOCK

By Eleanor A. Hallowell



THIS is the story of Hickory Dock, and of a Man and a Girl who trifled with Time.

Hickory Dock was a clock, and, of course, the Man, being a man, called it a clock, but the Girl, being a girl, called it a Hickory Dock for no more legitimate reason than that once upon a time.

“Hickory, Dickory, Dock,
A Mouse ran up the Clock.”

—Girls are funny things.

The Man and the Girl were very busy collecting a Home—in one room. They were just as poor as Art and Music could make them, but poverty does not matter much to lovers. The Man had collected the Girl, a wee diamond ring, a big Morris chair, two or three green and rose rugs, a shiny chafing-dish, and various incidentals. The Girl was no less discriminating. She had accumulated the Man, a Bagdad couch-cover, half a dozen pictures, a huge gilt mirror, three or four bits of fine china and silver, and a fair-sized boxful of lace and ruffles that idled under the couch until the Wedding-Day. The room was strikingly homelike, masculinely homelike, in all its features, but it was by no means *home*—yet. No place is *home* until *two* people have latch-keys. The Girl wore *her* key ostentatiously on a long, fine chain round her neck, but its mate hung high and dusty on a brass hook over the fireplace, and the sight of it teased the Man more than anything else that had ever happened to him in his life. The Girl was easily mistress of the situation, but the Man, you see, was not yet Master.

It was tacitly understood that if the Wedding-Day *ever* arrived, the Girl should slip the extra key into her husband's hand the very first second that the Minister closed his eyes for the blessing. She would have chosen to do this openly in exchange for her ring, but the Man contended that it might not be legal to be married with a latch-key—some ministers are so particular. It was a joke, anyway—everything except the Wedding-Day itself. Meanwhile Hickory Dock kept track of the passing hours.

When the Man first brought Hickory Dock to the Girl, in a mysteriously pulsating tissue-paper package, the Girl pretended at once that she thought it was a dynamite bomb, and dropped it precipitously

on the table and sought immediate refuge in the Man's arms, from which propitious haven she ventured forth at last and picked up the package gingerly, and rubbed her cheek against it—after the manner of girls with bombs. Then she began to tug at the string and tear at the paper.

"Why, it's a Hickory Dock!" she exclaimed with delight,—"a real, live Hickory Dock!" and brandished the gift on high to the imminent peril of time and chance, and then fled back to the Man's arms with no excuse whatsoever. She was a bold little lover.

"But it's a *c-l-o-c-k*," remonstrated the Man with whimsical impatience. He had spent half his month's earnings on the gift. Why can't you call it a clock? Why can't you *ever* call things by their right names?"

Then the Girl dimpled and blushed and burrowed her head in his shoulder, and whispered humbly, "Right name? Right names? Call things by their right names? Would you rather I called *you* by your right name—Mr. James Herbert Humphrey Jason?"

That settled the matter—settled it so hard that the Girl had to whisper the Man's wrong name seven times in his ear before he was satisfied. No man is practical about everything.

There are a good many things to do when you are in love, but the Girl did not mean that the *Art of Conversation* should be altogether lost, so she plunged for a topic.

"I think it was beautiful of you to give me a Hickory Dock," she ventured at last.

The Man shifted a trifle uneasily and laughed. "I thought perhaps it would please you," he stammered. "You see, now I have given you *all my time*."

The Girl chuckled with amused delight. "Yes—all your time. And it's nice to have a Hickory Dock that says 'Till he comes! Till he comes! Till he comes!'"

"Till he comes to—*stay*," persisted the Man. There was no sparkle to his sentiment. He said things very plainly, but his words drove the Girl across the room to the window with her face flaming. He jumped and followed her, and caught her almost roughly by the shoulder and turned her round.

"Rosalie, Rosalie," he demanded, "will you love me till the *end of time*?" There was no gallantry in his face but a great, dogged persistency that frightened the Girl into a flippant answer. She brushed her fluff of hair across his face and struggled away from him.

"I will love you," she teased, "until—the clock stops."

Then the Man burst out laughing, suddenly and unexpectedly, like a boy, and romped her back again across the room, and snatched up the clock and stole away the key.

"Hickory Dock shall *never* stop!" he cried triumphantly. "I will wind it till I die. And no one else must ever meddle with it."

"But suppose you forget?" the Girl suggested half wistfully.

"I shall *never* forget," said the Man. "I will wind Hickory Dock every week as long as I live. I *p-r-o-m-i-s-e!*" His lips shut almost defiantly.

"But it isn't fair," the Girl insisted. "It isn't fair for me to let you make such a long promise. You—might—stop—loving me." Her eyes filled quickly with tears. "Promise me just for one year,"—she stamped her foot,—"I won't take any other promise."

So, half provoked and half amused, the Man bound himself then and there for the paltry term of a year. But to fulfil his own sincerity and seriousness he took the clock and stopped it for a moment that he might start it up again with the Girl close in his arms. A half-frightened, half-willing captive, she stood in her prison and looked with furtive eyes into the little, potential face of Hickory Dock.

"You—and I—for—all time," whispered the Man solemnly as he started the little mechanism throbbing once more on its way, and he stooped down to seal the pledge with a kiss, but once more the significance of his word and act startled the Girl, and she clutched at the clock and ran across the room with it, and set it down very hard on her desk beside the Man's picture. Then, half ashamed of her flight, she stooped down suddenly and patted the little, ticking surface of ebony and glass and silver.

"It's a wonderful little Hickory Dock," she mused softly. "I never saw one just like it before."

The Man hesitated for a second and drew his mouth into a funny twist. "I don't believe there *is* another one like it in all the world," he acknowledged, half laughingly,—"that is, not *just* like it. I've had it fixed so that it won't strike *eleven*. I'm utterly tired of having you say 'There! it's eleven o'clock and you've *got* to go home.' Now, after ten o'clock nothing can strike till twelve, and that gives me two whole hours to use my own judgment in."

The Girl took one eager step towards him, when suddenly over the city roofs and across the square came the hateful, strident chime of midnight. Midnight? *Midnight?* The Girl rushed frantically to her closet and pulled the Man's coat out from among her fluffy dresses and thrust it into his hands, and he fled distractedly for his train without "Good-by."

That was the trouble with having a lover who lived so far away and was so busy that he could come only one evening a week. Long as you could make that one evening, something always got crowded out. If you made love, there was no time to talk. If you talked, there was no time to make love. If you spent a great time in Greetings,

it curtailed your Good-by. If you began your good-by any earlier, why, it cut your evening right in two. So the Girl sat and sulked a sad little while over the general misery of the situation, until at last, to comfort herself with the only means at hand, she went over to the closet and opened the door just wide enough to stick her nose in and sniff ecstatically.

"Oh! O—h!" she crooned. "O—h! What a nice, smoky smell."

Then she took Hickory Dock and went to bed. This method of bunking was nice for her, but it played sad havoc with Hickory Dock, who lay on his back and whizzed and whirred and spun around at such a rate that when morning came he was minutes and hours, not to say days, ahead of time.

This gain in time seemed rather an advantage to the Girl. She felt that it was a good omen and must in some manner hasten the Wedding-Day, but when she confided the same to the Man at his next visit he viewed the *fact* with righteous scorn, though the fancy itself pleased him mightily. The Girl learned that night, however, to eschew Hickory Dock as a rag doll. She did not learn this, though, through any particular solicitude for Hickory Dock, but rather because she had to stand by respectfully a whole precious hour and watch the Man's lean, clever fingers tinker with the little, jewelled mechanism. It was a fearful waste of time. "You are so kind to *little* things," she whispered at last, with a catch in her voice that made the Man drop his work suddenly and give all his attention to *big* things. And another evening went, while Hickory Dock stood up like a hero and refused to strike eleven.

So every Sunday night throughout the Winter and the Spring and the Summer, the Man came joyously climbing up the long stairs to the Girl's room, and every Sunday night Hickory Dock was started off on a fresh round of Time and Love.

Hickory Dock, indeed, became a very precious object, for both Man and Girl had reached that particular stage of love where they craved the wonderful sensation of owning some vital thing together. But they were so busy loving that they did not recognize the instinct. The Man looked upon Hickory Dock as an exceedingly blessed toy. The Girl grew gradually to cherish the little clock with a certain tender superstition and tingling reverence that sent her heart pounding every time the Man's fingers turned to any casual tinkering.

And the Girl grew so exquisitely dear that the Man thought all women were like her. And the Man grew so sturdily precious that the Girl knew *positively* there was no person on earth to be compared with him. Over this happiness Hickory Dock presided throbbingly, and though he balked sometimes and bolted or lagged, he never stopped, and he never struck eleven.

Thus things went on in the customary way that things do go on with men and girls—until the *chronic quarrel* happened. The *chronic quarrel* was a trouble quite distinct from any ordinary lovers' disturbance, and it was a very silly little thing like this: The Girl had a nature that was emotionally apprehensive. She was always looking, as it were, for "dead men in the woods." She was always saying, "Suppose you get tired of me?" "Suppose I died?" "Suppose I found out that you had a wife living?" "Suppose you lost all your legs and arms in a railroad accident when you were coming here some Sunday night?"

And one day the Man had snapped her short with "Suppose? Suppose? What arrant nonsense! Suppose?—Suppose I fall in love with the Girl in the Office?"

It seemed to him the most extravagant supposition that he could possibly imagine, and he was perfectly delighted with its effect on his Sweetheart. She grew silent at once and very wistful.

After that he met all her apprehensions with "Suppose?—Suppose I fall in love with the Girl in the Office!"

And one day the Girl looked up at him with hot tears in her eyes and said tersely, "Well, why don't you fall in love with her if you want to?"

That, of course, made a little trouble, but it was delicious fun making up, and the "Girl in the Office" became gradually one of those irresistibly dangerous jokes that always begin with laughter and end just as invariably with tears. When the Girl was sad or blue the Man was clumsy enough to try and cheer her with facetious allusions to the "Girl in the Office," and when the Girl was supremely, radiantly happy she used to boast, "Why, I'm so happy I don't care a *rap* about your old 'Girl in the Office.'" But whatever way the joke began, it always ended disastrously, with bitterness and tears, yet neither Man nor Girl could bear to formally taboo the subject lest it should look like the first shirking of their perfect intimacy and freedom of speech. The Man felt that in love like theirs he ought to be able to say anything he wanted to, so he kept on saying it, while the Girl claimed an equal if more caustic liberty of expression, and the *chronic quarrel* began to fester a little round its edges.

One night in November, when Hickory Dock was nearly a year old in love, the Chronic Quarrel came to a climax. The Man was very listless that evening, and absent-minded, and altogether inadequate. The Girl accused him of indifference. He accused her in return of a shrewish temper. She suggested that perhaps he regretted his visit. He failed to contradict her. Then the Girl drew herself up to an absurd height for so small a creature and said stiffly,—

"You don't have to come next Sunday night if you don't want to."

At her scathing words the Man straightened up very suddenly in his chair and gazed over at the little clock in a startled sort of way.

"Why, of course I shall come," he retorted impulsively, "Hickory Dock needs me, if you don't."

"Oh, come and wind the clock by all means," flared the Girl. "I'm glad *something* needs you!"

Then the Man followed his own judgment and went home, though it was only ten o'clock.

"I'm not going to write to him this week," sobbed poor Rosalie. "I think he's very disagreeable."

But when the next Sunday came and the Man was *late*, it seemed as though an Eternity had been tacked on to a hundred years. It was fully quarter-past eight before he came climbing up the stairs.

The Girl looked scornfully at the clock. Her throat ached like a bruise. "You didn't hurry yourself much, did you?" she asked spitefully.

The Man looked up quickly and bit his lip. "The train was late," he replied briefly. He did not stop to take off his coat, but walked over to the table and wound Hickory Dock. Then he hesitated the smallest possible fraction of a moment, but the Girl made no move, so he picked up his hat and started for the door.

The Girl's heart sank, but her pride rose proportionally. "Is that all you came for?" she quizzed. "Good! I am very tired tonight."

Then the Man went away. She counted every footfall on the stairs. In the little hush at the street doorway she felt that he must surely turn and come running back again, breathless and eager, with outstretched arms and all the kisses she was starving for. But when she heard the front door slam with a vicious finality she went and threw herself, sobbing, on the couch. "Fifty miles just to wind a clock!" she raged in grief and chagrin. "I'll punish him for it if that's all he comes for."

So the next Sunday night she took Hickory Dock with a cruel jerk, and put him on the floor just outside her door, and left a candle burning so that the Man could not possibly fail to see what was intended. "If all he comes for is to wind the clock, just because he *promised*, there's no earthly use of his coming in," she reasoned, and went into her room and shut and locked her door, waiting nervously with clutched hands for the footfall on the stairs. "He loves someone else! He loves someone else!" she kept prodding herself.

Just at eight o'clock the Man came. She heard him very distinctly on the creaky board at the head of the stairs, and her heart beat to suffocation. Then she heard him come close to the door, as though he stooped down, and then he—laughed.

"Oh, very well," thought the Girl. "So he thinks it's funny, does he? He has no business to laugh while I am crying, even if he does love someone else.—*I hate him!*"

The Man knocked on the door very softly, and the Girl gripped tight hold of her chair for fear she should jump up and let him in. He knocked again, and she heard him give a strange little gasp of surprise. Then he tried the door-handle. It turned fatuously, but the door would not open. He pushed his weight against it,—she could almost feel the soft whirr of his coat on the wood,—but the door would not yield.—Then he turned very suddenly and went away.

The Girl got up with a sort of gloating look, as though she liked her pain. "Next Sunday night is the last Sunday night of his year's promise," she brooded; "then everything will be over. He will see how wise I was not to let him promise forever and ever. I will send Hickory Dock to him by express to save his coming for the final ceremony." Then she went out and got Hickory Dock and brought him in and shook him, but Hickory Dock continued to tick, "Till he comes! Till he comes! Till he comes!"

It was a very tedious week. It is perfectly absurd to measure a week by the fact that seven days make it—some days are longer than others. By Wednesday the Girl's proud little heart had capitulated utterly, and she decided not to send Hickory Dock away by express, but to let things take their natural course. And every time she thought of the "natural course" her heart began to pound with expectation. Of course, she would not acknowledge that she really expected the Man to come after her cruel treatment of him the previous week. "Everything is over. Everything is over," she kept preaching to herself with many gestures and illustrations; but next to God she put her faith in promises, and hadn't the Man promised a great, sacred lover's promise that he would come every Sunday for a year? So when the final Sunday actually came she went to her wedding-box and took out her "second best" of everything, silk and ruffles and laces, and dressed herself up for sheer pride and joy, with tingling thoughts of the night when she should wear her "first best" things. Then she hunted out a soft, little, white Summer dress that the Man liked better than anything else, and stuck a pink bow in her hair, and big rosettes on her slippers, and drew the big Morris chair towards the fire, and brought the Man's pipe and tobacco-box from behind the gilt mirror. Then she took Hickory Dock very tenderly and put him outside the door, with two pink candles flaming beside him, and a huge pink rose over his left ear. She thought the Man could smell the rose the second he opened the street door. Then she went back to her room, and left her door a wee crack open, and crouched down on the floor close to it, like a happy, wounded thing, and *waited*—

But the Man did not come. Eight o'clock, nine o'clock, ten o'clock, eleven o'clock, twelve o'clock, she waited, cramped and cold, hoping against hope, fearing against fear. Every creak on the stairs thrilled her. Every fresh disappointment chilled her right through to her heart. She sat and rocked herself in a huddled heap of pain, she taunted herself with lack of spirit, she goaded herself with intricate remorse—but she never left her bitter vigil until half-past two. Then some clatter of milkmen in the street roused her to the realization of a new day, and she got up dazed and icy, like one in a dream, and limped over to her couch and threw herself down to sleep like a drunken person.

Late the next morning she woke heavily with a vague, dull sense of loss which she could not immediately explain. She lay and looked with astonishment at the wrinkled folds of the white mull dress that bound her limbs like a shroud. She clutched at the tightness of her collar, and fingered with surprise the pink bow in her hair. Then slowly, one by one, the events of the previous night came back to her in all their significance, and with a muffled scream of heartbreak she buried her face in the pillow. She cried till her heart felt like a clenched fist within her, and then, with her passion exhausted, she got up like a little, cold, rumpled ghost and pattered out to the hall in her silk-stockinged feet, and picked up Hickory Dock with his wilted pink rose and brought him in and put him back on her desk. Then she brought in the mussy, pink-smooched candlesticks and stowed them far away in her closet behind everything else. The faintest possible scent of tobacco-smoke came to her from the closet depths, and as she reached instinctively to take a sad little whiff she became suddenly conscious that there was a strange, uncanny *hush* in the room, as though a soul had left its body. She turned back quickly and cried out.—Hickory Dock had stopped!

“Until—the—end—of—Time,” she gasped, and staggered hard against the closet-door. Then in a flash she burst out laughing stridently, and rushed for Hickory Dock and grabbed him by his little silver handle, opened the window with a bang, and threw him with all her might and main down into the brick alley four stories below, where he fell with a sickening crash among a wee handful of scattered rose petals.

—The days that followed were like horrid dreams, the nights, like hideous realities. The fire would not burn. The sun and moon would not shine, and life itself settled down like a pall. Every detail of that Sunday night stamped and restamped itself upon her mind. Back of her outraged love was the crueler pain of her outraged faith. The Man of his own free will had made a sacred promise and broken it! She realized now for the first time in her life why men went to

the devil because women had failed them—not disappointed them, but *failed* them! She could even imagine how poor mothers felt when fathers shirked their fatherhood. She tasted in one week's imagination all possible woman sorrows of the world.

At the end of the second week she began to realize the depth of isolation into which her engagement had thrown her. For a year and a half she had thought nothing, dreamed nothing, cared for nothing except the Man. Now, with the Man swept away, there was no place to turn either for comfort or amusement.

At the end of the third week, when no word came, she began to gather together all the Man's little personal effects, and consigned them to a box out of sight—the pipe and tobacco, a favorite book, his soft Turkish slippers, his best gloves, and even a little poem which he had written for her to set to music. It was a pretty little love-song that they had made together, but as she hummed it over now for the last time she wondered if, after all, *woman's music* did not do more than man's words to make love Singable.

When a month was up she began to strip the room of everything that the Man had brought towards the making of their *home*. It was like stripping tendons. She had never realized before how thoroughly the Man's personality had dominated her room as well as her life. When she had crowded his books, his pictures, his college trophies, his Morris chair, his rugs, into one corner of her room and covered them with two big sheets, her little, paltry, feminine possessions looked like chiffon in a desert.

While she was pondering what to do next her rent fell due. The month's idling had completely emptied her pewter savings-bank that she had been keeping as a sort of precious joke for the Honeymoon. The rent-bill startled her into spasmodic efforts at composition. She had been quite busy for a year writing songs for some Educational people, but how could one make harmony with a heart full of discord and all life off the key. A single week convinced her of the utter futility of these efforts. In one high-strung, wakeful night she decided all at once to give up the whole struggle and go back to her little country village, where at least she would find free food and shelter until she could get her grip again.

For three days she struggled heroically with burlap and packing-boxes. She felt as though every nail she pounded was hurting the Man as well as herself, and she pounded just as hard as she possibly could.

When the room was stripped of every atom of personality except her couch, and the duplicate latch-key, which still hung high and dusty, a deliciously cruel thought came to the Girl, and the irony of it set her eyes flashing. On the night before her intended departure she

took the key and put it into a pretty little box and sent it to the Man.

"He'll know by that token," she said, "that there's no more '*home*' for him and me. He will get his furniture a few days later, and then he will see that everything is scattered and shattered. Even if he's married by this time, the key will hurt him, for his wife will want to know what it means, and he never can tell her."

Then she cried so hard that her overwrought, half-starved little body collapsed, and she crept into her bed and was sick all night and all the next day, so that there was no possible thought or chance of packing or travelling. But towards the second evening she struggled up to get herself a taste of food and wine from her cupboard, and, wrapping herself in her pink kimona, huddled over the fire to try and find a little blaze and cheer.

Just as the flames commenced to flush her cheeks the lock clicked. She started up in alarm. The door opened abruptly, and the Man strode in with a very determined, husbandy look on his haggard face. For the fraction of a second he stood and looked at her pitifully frightened and dishevelled little figure.

"Forgive me," he cried, "but I *had* to come like this." Then he took one mighty stride and caught her up in his arms and carried her back to her open bed and tucked her in like a child while she clung to his neck laughing and sobbing and crying as though her brain was turned. He smoothed her hair, he kissed her eyes, he rubbed his rough cheek confidently against her soft one, and finally, when her convulsive tremors quieted a little, he reached down into his great overcoat pocket and took out poor, battered, mutilated Hickory Dock.

"I found him down in the Janitor's office just now," he explained, and his mouth twitched just the merest trifle at the corners.

"Don't smile," said the Girl, sitting up suddenly very straight and stiff. "Don't smile till you know the whole truth. *I* broke Hickory Dock. I threw him *purposely* four stories down into the brick alley!"

The Man began to examine Hickory Dock very carefully.

"I should judge that it was a *brick* alley," he remarked with an odd twist of his lips, as he tossed the shattered little clock over to the burlap-covered armchair.

Then he took the Girl very quietly and tenderly in his arms again, and gazed down into her eyes with a look that was new to him.

"Rosalie," he whispered, "I will mend Hickory Dock for you if it takes a thousand years,"—his voice choked,—"but I wish to God I could mend my broken promise as easily!"

And Rosalie smiled through her tears and said,—

"Sweetheart-Man, you do love me?"

752 A Dream Temple.—The Quest of Beauty

"With all my heart and soul and body and breath, and past and present and future I *love you!*!" said the Man.

Then Rosalie kissed a little path to his ear, and whispered, oh, so softly,—

"Sweetheart-Man, I love *you* just that same way."

And Hickory Dock, the Angel, never ticked the passing of a single second, but lay on his back looking straight up to Heaven with his two little battered hands clasped eternally at Love's *high noon*.



A DREAM-TEMPLE

(NEW YORK CITY)

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

MY temple hath yon city roofs for floor;
For roof, the azure; and, to stay the roof,
A thousand alabastrine columns soar
In coiling smoke that, silent, steals aloof!

My temple builds itself at windless prime,—
At dawn,—or in the rosy eventime:
Ere garish midday, roof and pillar melt,—
And they are gone,—the Blest, who there have knelt!



THE QUEST OF BEAUTY

BY CHARLES WHARTON STORK

BECAUSE thou bid'st me forth upon a quest
Of the ideal, thou art not less true
Than Spain's brave Queen, who sent to regions new
Her Admiral with jewels from her breast.
And if to unseen shores thou thinkest best
To urge me, with Desire for my crew,
I'll kiss thy royal hand for last adieu
And sail into the gold glow of the West.

Then if I win safe with my treasure home,
What matter plaudits of the surging crowd?
Thine eyes are my reward, thy heart my goal.
But if I perish in the blinding foam
And sink unmarked, thy pennon for my shroud,
Weep not, but say, "He had a loyal soul."

THE SECOND STAR

A MORMON STORY

By Caroline Lockhart

MRS. CROPSEY'S excursion "over the line" had been a profitable one, and yet an unmistakable frown rested upon her lofty brow as she drove into the corral and pulled two freshly branded calves from the rear of the covered wagon.

The raw truth is, Mrs. Cropsey was an adept in the gentle art of rustling calves, and when she made a tour of the Alberta hills in her covered wagon, or a longer and bolder trip into Montana, it was seldom she returned with an empty wagon-box. Mrs. Cropsey was not an indiscriminate rustler; she had her code of honor and lived up to it. As she said indignantly to Cropsey when he presumed to question the propriety, and particularly the wisdom, of her feverish activity, "I've never rustled a cent's worth from a good Mormon, and you know as well as I do, Cropsey, it's not stealing to rustle from a Gentile or a jack-Mormon"—a statement with which the wizened, bewhiskered little man agreed.

Mrs. Cropsey had not been her exuberant self since the Bishop's last visit. She was taciturn, and irritable to the point of hatefulness. Her strident voice rasped like a file, and when she strode about the kitchen in a pair of her husband's thick-soled shoes she set her heels down with a determination which puzzled Cropsey. Her unnatural reserve perplexed him—in their twelve years together he had never known anything like it. A gloom emanated from her which cast a shadow over the household. The hired man, a vital, joyous creature with a voice like a whistle on the Fall River Line, talked in whispers, and several times Cropsey caught himself walking on tiptoe. But Cropsey, like the well-trained husband of a superior wife, watched Mrs. Cropsey, in furtive silence and waited for the confession which he knew would come.

While his wife was untying the ropes from the calves' legs Cropsey came in from the hay-field on a load of hay.

"Well, well, Zina," he said in his sprightly squeak, "you've done a good day's work. Them look like thoroughbred Durhams."

"They be," replied Mrs. Cropsey shortly. "Off the Blackfoot Reserve."

A look of uneasiness appeared in Mr. Cropsey's face.

"That's kinda resky, Zina. The States Gover-mint comes hot-foot after anybody meddlin' with Injun property."

"Got to ketch me first," Mrs. Cropsey replied laconically as she lifted a substantial foot and administered a swift kick to one of the calves which assisted him materially in getting the cramps out of his legs.

She helped Cropsey unharness the horses from the hay-wagon, from which bit of condescension he knew that the revelation was due.

"Cropsey," said she, coming bluntly to the point, "I got to git another star in my crown."

In the moment's silence which followed the little man felt hot and cold flashes sweep over him.

"How you goin' to git it, Zina?" he asked feebly, merely to gain time; he knew the answer well enough.

"You got to git married. You got to go down the road and ask Esther."

Cropsey blazed out in fierce mutiny. "I won't do it! I ain't the time with all that medder bottom to cut and a brand shute to build!"

"Cropsey,"—his wife's tone started the perspiration on him,—"I want another star and I'm goin' to have it. Everybody's gittin' 'em. Mis' Wolfe let Wolfe marry the hired girl, and Harris has married the girl that waited on table in the resturunt. The Bishop hinted pretty strong that we wasn't doin' right. He said he hated to think of a good Mormon woman like me goin' to heaven with only one star, while them that wasn't half the woman I am was settin' up there with two, crowin' it over me."

"But I don't want to ask Esther; I don't want to git married," whimpered Cropsey. "I don't want to git the Canadian Gover'mint down on me."

"Don't want! Don't want!" sneered Mrs. Cropsey. "It's easy done. Do like the rest of 'em. Git the Bishop to marry you quiet and give out that Esther has come here to work! If you was half the man I am, Cropsey——"

"Maybe Esther won't have me," broke in Cropsey, grasping at straws.

A swift rage leaped into Mrs. Cropsey's hard, gray eyes. "What!" she shouted. "That holler-chested, pie-faced thing, with teeth like a wood-rat's and a hump like a buffalo gnat, not have you?" Mrs. Cropsey appeared to regard the suggestion as a personal insult.

"I won't ask her, anyhow!" Cropsey stamped his foot in unheard-of rebellion.

"You—you tyrant!"

Cropsey stiffened; he liked the word; the epithet went to his head like a glass of his wife's elderberry wine. Mrs. Cropsey finally resorted to a weapon she always had scorned,—one, in fact, for which she never had use,—the vanquished lady fell a-weeping. Her tears did not fall softly, as the tears of a lady should; they were accompanied by loud bellows which startled the work-horses and made Cropsey turn pale. The salty torrent rolled down her cheeks like a cloud-burst in a mountain gorge.

Cropsey never had thought his wife's beauty pronounced, but when she pulled her lips back from her teeth in the astonishing fashion in which she did, he felt that he would marry the whole Mormon settlement rather than have her look like that.

"There, there, Zina, don't take on so," he said soothingly as he reached up and patted her broad shoulder. "I'll ask Esther tomorrow."

Cropsey, fully appreciating his own magnanimity, expected a burst of gratitude from his wife. Therefore, when she turned upon him and demanded savagely, "Why don't you go to-night?" he was speechless with astonishment. Instead of smiling upon him, her scornful eyes withered him. Too bewildered to reply, he stumbled into the barn with the horses.

Zina was in an ugly mood when he went in the house for supper. She slammed the bacon on the table and fried his eggs on one side only. Cropsey ate in cowed silence. After he had eaten he sat behind the stove watching his wife's muscular figure towering above the dishpan, her face grim as an implacable Amazon's. He tried to whistle, but he could not keep the air when she glared in his direction, and the whistle died away in a gentle wheeze. The climax to his bewildered misery came when Zina took the lamp and clumped to the company chamber without explanation or "good-night."

There was nothing for him to do but to creep humbly to bed. He thought it all out in the darkness and decided that Zina really meant he should have gone to Esther that evening. He made up his mind that he would ask Esther without delay. "If Zina wants another star," thought Cropsey, "I'm not the man to deny her." And smiling fondly as he thought of his wife's capacity for adding to their account in the Union Bank, he fell peacefully asleep.

Mr. Cropsey arose at dawn and went about the milking like a man with a purpose. His eye was bright and he stepped briskly. Mrs. Cropsey's sullenness hung like a lowering thunder-cloud, but the buoyancy of Cropsey's spirits rose above the enveloping gloom. He rashly ventured a jest upon the tan with which the west wind was coating her swarthy skin. "All same half-breed, Zina," he said facetiously.

Mrs. Cropsey, never sensitive in regard to her personal appearance, turned upon him in fury.

"I knowed," she cried, "I knowed it was about time for you to be thinkin' of some white-livered, bleached-out woman for me to wait on!"

Cropsey scurried to his room to escape her wrath, and began to lay out his Sabbath clothes.

"She'll be all right when she gits her star," he thought. In his inmost soul Cropsey began to take a gleam of interest in the errand on his own account.

Mrs. Cropsey heard the bureau-drawer open and charged into the room.

"You put them clothes back, Cropsey! What's good enough for me is good enough for her! If she can't take you without your makin' a dude of yourself, she can let you be. Them clothes is for church, not for courtin'."

"But, Zina," protested Cropsey, crestfallen, "I look pretty hard in these patched, clay-bank——"

"Comb out your whiskers and wash your hands, and you're good enough for anybody."

"But, Zina, lemme wear a necktie." Cropsey looked wistfully at a yellow and black cravat which hung over the mirror.

"No you don't!" She snatched it viciously. "I didn't give it to you to go to see no caved-in, g'anted up, dough-colored woman in!"

"But, Zina," Cropsey's meek eyes were wide with amazement, "I thought you wanted Esther."

"I want a star in my crown," snapped Mrs. Cropsey.

She watched her husband as, in the new spring wagon, he rumbled down the road which wound among the yellow hills of Southern Canada. There was the cream to look after, she should have been at the separator two hours ago, but when the little, round-shouldered man on the high spring-seat was lost to view, she went inside and slammed the door till the windows rattled.

It was two hours later that Cropsey drove into the yard and eyed the silent house inquiringly. He was uncommonly deliberate in his movements as he unharnessed the horses, fed the poultry, and chased the ducks out of the spring. When all was done he walked to the house with lagging steps and opened the door timidly. He paused on the threshold as he heard a voice in the bedroom. It was Zina's voice. Zina was praying!

"You know I don't like the woman, Lord. Her and me never could git along. She ain't neat, Lord, she's dirty and slack. With my own eyes I see her let the pups eat out of the frying-pan. You know me well enough to know, Lord, that I never could stand nothin' like that!"

"I've done my duty and sent him after her. I give my consent cheerful, as you could see for yourself, Lord, though it wasn't easy. But if you'll put it into her heart to say 'No,' Lord, I'll make it up to you in some other way. I'll put two calves in the tithing corral instead of one, I'll do anything for you I kin, if you'll just make her say 'No.'

"Cropsey wouldn't be nothin' to her, and he's everything to me! I've nursed him up through them bilious attacks, and his stummick trouble, when 'Doc' Robinson give him up. He's not much for looks, and he ain't real spirited, but he's all mine, Lord, all mine—and I l-l-love him!"

The Mormon woman's voice rose to a despairing wail as she clutched with both hands at the counterpane.

"Zina! Zina! My dear!" Cropsey burst into the room, his face radiant, relief and a great gladness in his voice.

The tears were still streaming down Mrs. Cropsey's coarse, weather-beaten face when she rose from her knees and gathered Cropsey to her heart.

THE LITTLE GUEST-ROOM IN MY HEART

BY MARGARET ROOT GARVIN

THE little guest-room in my heart
I fitted for thy tenancy,
And though thy presence stays apart
It is not wholly bare of thee:

For all the dreams there take thy shape,
And from each humble thing it holds
Some fragrant thoughts of thee escape,
Like lavender from linen-folds.

No picture hangs upon the walls
That any other eye could trace,
But ever where the sunlight falls
I see the glory of thy face.

No other tenant may it take—
Nay, rather loneliness for choice!
I would not have another wake
The echo's dreaming of thy voice.

AN OPENING FOR GIRL COLLEGE GRADUATES WHO NEED NONE

DEDICATED TO THE BRYN MAWR CLASS OF 1905

By Prof. Albert Schinz

Of Bryn Mawr College

A MOST striking feature in our modern society is that everyone tries to reform something. Whole libraries are written on labor problems, on politics, on methods of business, on pauperism, on lower, higher, technical, ethical, professional, Christian, female, negro education, on food, on dress, on medical cures of all sorts. Now, suppose for one moment all those improvements realized, schools excellent, capitalists and laborers agreed on every point, physicians the conquerors of all diseases, pauperism extinct, the feeble-minded cared for, salaries raised, and living cheapened—and ask yourself, What would we have achieved? The melancholy answer would be that we would have just about reached the degree of happiness that exists in animal societies—viz., everybody would be provided for as far as his physical needs were concerned.

When it comes to cultivating our higher—social and intellectual—faculties, those faculties that raise man above animals, we do not seem to care much. At least, we allow ourselves to be guided altogether by conventionalities. Now, conventionality is the contrary of spontaneity; what we do willingly, we do best. Is not this the reason why we constantly speak of our social *duties*?

Let us reflect a little upon these things.

Our chief social functions to-day are receptions. We all know what a reception is. No one goes to one with a prospect of having a good, solid conversation with a charming hostess or with a lion of some sort, but merely to meet her or him. To have a talk in the true sense of the word is out of the question. You would deprive too many others of the same pleasure, and it would be shockingly bad form to claim

it for yourself. Since not all can have it, none must have it. Hand-shaking is the only bliss to be expected from a reception.

How could we have come upon the idea of such an odd performance? The fact is that we are not wholly responsible for it. A reception is an old, old custom, a barbarous custom, having its origin, as Herbert Spencer has shown, in the dawn of society. It was at the time when fearful autocrats treated their vassals and subjects like slaves; the latter had to bring contributions in money or other presents and bow before the master of their lives and of those of their families. They showered upon him exaggerated compliments, calling him Sun, Moon, Oak, Son of God, and the like. He answered by calling them with a patronizing air his dear children or his little birds. How can this old symbol of slavery fit in with our ideas of democracy?

That there was something odd about our receptions was vaguely felt long ago. But just what, in harmony with modern civilization, could take their place? Someone invented the salon-lecturer, who is still very much in fashion. This looks very refined, very intellectual, and up to the scientific achievements of our age. But if society is to be considered really social, if it is to stand truly for intercourse for reciprocal pleasure, is it not nonsense to have one person assume the whole responsibility? Some disrespectful person might impute to this social function a permission given to the whole audience to have no wit of its own, and the modern drawing-room lecturer might involuntarily remind him of those professional sayers of witty things entertained at courts by the princes and kings of the Middle Ages. The court-fools too, with their cheap jokes, were expected to provide mental entertainment for people with no possible contributions of their own.

It was unavoidable that many of our modern social leaders should come to realize that in a drawing-room, after all, people are of age and ought not to listen like mere sheep to the master's word. And so they proceeded to create debating-clubs. But, alas! things were worse than before; one shivers merely to think of those people rising at the command of the chairman and reading off solemnly a carefully written paper, duly interspersed with elaborately prepared jokes; of those arguments rigidly measured—for you must, or you can be wise only as long as the president permits—in which, moreover, the speaker does not say what he thinks, but what is assigned him to say; of those little women especially, graceful, spontaneous, sprightly, who try to behave like cold professors of logic! The debating-club makes one think of the very skilful scheme invented by the little marquis in the seventeenth century for those who, not being very well gifted mentally themselves, hired someone to write for them a sonnet or a madrigal to be recited in the evening before the ladies of their hearts. An obliging friend would lead the conversation to the right path; our hero then need only

take the favorable moment and seriously say, "Let me improvise something for you on this subject." The next time he would render the same service to his colleague. Here at least some illusion was provided for the audience; our modern debaters have done away even with that.

And yet there was certainly good intention in the introduction of the debate into the salon, as there had been good intention in replacing at times the endless handshaking of a reception-hall by a lecturer. Despite the appeal these efforts make because of the aspirations they betray, they are surely not satisfactory.

What, then, is the trouble? It seems to the writer that at times we take ourselves too seriously. I hasten to add that our tendency this way is not our fault, and proceed to explain what I mean:

There was a time when the ideal of intellectual and social life was very nearly realized. This was in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in Italy, and in the seventeenth and eighteenth in France, the epoch of the famous "salons," which were the *rendez-vous* of all that was representative of art, of refinement, of elegance, of wit, of grace.

Women, of course, were the soul of these select circles. The lady of the house presided, not with a mallet or a bell, like the chairman of a tribunal or the Speaker of a House of Representatives, or of a debating-club, but merely by her gracious presence. Unruliness and pedantry flee at once when they see a Grace or a Muse sitting in the chair. Moreover, no one dreamed of discussing in the present rigid sense of this term; they were not lawyers, professors, or editorial writers; they were much more than that—they were men and women, and they simply *talked*. Real talk or conversation, it is true, is much more difficult than discussion, but the atmosphere of the place rendered it easier. The "Muse" drew electric sparks from all those around her. She knew exactly, by her divine instinct, what everyone in the assembly could contribute and ought to contribute to the general enjoyment. Her effect was truly wonderful; there the mute would speak, the timid be bold, the reticent communicative, the bashful eloquent, and—miracle of miracles!—the stolid witty; again, the one who usually spoke too loud was remarkably quiet, the blunt became polite, the morose cheerful, the surly good-natured. She saw to it that a subject of conversation was kept up as long as it yielded pleasure to all, but dropped for another as soon as it became dreary. All sorts of topics were taken up, and volumes of witty and yet profound thoughts and "bon-mots" could be compiled from the accounts given in the "Memoirs" of contemporaries. Many of those meetings have acquired everlasting fame, and the descriptions of those contests of brilliant minds are truly as fascinating to read as the accounts of Napoleonic victories; think of the famous discussion between the "Jobelins" and the "Uranistes"

in the Hôtel de Rambouillet; recall the "Journée des Madrigaux" at Madame d'Arragonais'; imagine, if you can, the débauche d'esprit of the guests of Sapho—Mademoiselle de Scudéry—together drawing the first sketch of the celebrated Map of the Country of Love ("Carte de Tendre"). Do not forget that at Madame de Sablé's were uttered for the first time most of the maxims of La Rochefoucauld, which, put together, form to-day one of the jewels of the French literature of the seventeenth century.

But suddenly, at the end of the eighteenth century, as by a stroke of magic, all this brilliant, refined salon-life disappeared. And why?

There was a great drawback in this pure and beautiful product of civilization—only one very small part of society could share in it. Or let us rather say—for we firmly believe that only an élite will ever be able to participate really in the highest mental pleasures: while a minority of people enjoyed art and literature, they did so at the expense of the great majority of their fellow-men; the latter were crushed in hard servitude and got from their lives less than do the animals. Now this injustice came to be realized, thanks in part—as should be remembered—to the discussions of the "salons" of the eighteenth century. Thus, when the Revolution came everyone who had a heart was ready. It was decided no longer to get enjoyment on such terms, but to try to bring about a new social organization in which every human being should be secure at least against physical needs. A gigantic undertaking indeed, which was to take no one knew how long to realize. The whole nineteenth century was devoted to it, and it was one of the richest periods of history in achievements of all sorts, but by no means was everything accomplished; in fact, it seems as if we had merely succeeded in grasping the full sense of the problem. But, again, if the French saying is true, "A problem that is well understood is more than half solved," we have a right to be optimistic as to the future. One thing is certain, that already there are people in modern society who have time enough, without neglecting their duties towards their fellow-men, to devote themselves to disinterested pursuits, intellectual and artistic.

Therefore is it not time for us to take up again the social ideal of the "salons" of past centuries and cultivate our mind just for the mind's sake? There were certainly aspirations towards something of this sort in the awkward social functions discussed above. They failed because we are still kept back by the habit, contracted over a century ago, of looking at everything from too practical a standpoint. Economic prosperity, especially commercialism which brings about wealth, which in its turn brings about protection against privations of all kinds, is in the front rank of our preoccupations constantly, even when we do

not realize it. This is what was meant above by saying that at times we took ourselves perhaps too seriously. It is not a reproach; it is, on the contrary, altogether to our credit. But it has none the less become very legitimate to turn also to other goals. Circumstances have already changed a good deal, and will continue to change for the better.

How much our theory is true—that we have, so to speak, become unable to look at a question from a point of view other than the strictly practical or economic one—is seen in the present attitude of the world towards feminism.

Women were the soul of the salons: upon them would rest the task of establishing them again. But they do not dream of it, just because they are feminists. Feminism has been a purely social and practical problem from the start and is still so to-day. It means the conferring upon women of the right to act like men, and the possibility of being on a footing of equality with the latter in the struggle for existence. Nothing is more legitimate. However, while we must admit that the women who accept the new right do not lose their specific feminine qualities, yet neither do they develop them. On the contrary, they neglect them for others, and necessarily so, for they cannot be expected to be at the same time both men and women. The consequence is that while feminism is gaining ground, femininity loses proportionately. Therefore, our epoch of feminism is essentially characterized by masculinity.

Feminism may stay, but we must regain femininity. The fact that the latter has been put so much in the background will account largely for the complaints as to the prosaic aspect of our age. Never did woman, as woman, play such a small part in civilization. The fact is striking for anyone who has the slightest gift for observation, if he compares the nineteenth and twentieth centuries with those that preceded them. The more rights women have obtained in the past sixty years, the smaller has grown their real influence in the world. Nothing is further from my mind than to discuss the old arguments of antifeminists, of race suicide, of woman cooking and sewing, or even of woman as Dea Consolatrix. What I mean is the influence of woman on social, public life, even on political life.

To be fair, one must admit that this influence, when it existed, sometimes did so at the expense of justice and progress. Think of Madame de Maintenon, who, without official position, ruled the most autocratic of French monarchs; or think of Madame de Pompadour, who was never even recognized as his wife by Louis XV. and who yet did exactly as she pleased in politics as well as in private life. However, much more frequently woman's political influence was good. Remember Madame de Staël, who made Napoleon tremble; she herself did not want the official power of a sovereign, her purpose was to persuade

Napoleon to lend his power to the service of her generous ideals. It was in acting merely as a woman that she made her strength felt so powerfully that people used to say, "There are three great foes for Napoleon to cope with—England, Russia, and Madame de Staël." Napoleon did not win in the long run. Has one seen a woman playing such a part in politics since women have had equal "rights" with men? In 1896 there was a rumor abroad to the effect that a woman was to be a candidate for the Presidency of the United States; suppose she had been elected, she would have governed as well as a man, it may be; the President, however, would have been merely a feminist, which is another word for a masculine administrator.

The explanation of this anomaly is easy enough: business and official affairs in this world are carried on according to rules and conventionalities; if one wishes to act officially, as men do, one must submit to those rules and conventionalities—which are necessary evils. Thus, as long as women were content to act outside of these rules, they were free, and could much more effectively favor progress. Feminism gives her practical advantages, but binds her in other respects; it gives her rights, but it limits her influence. And this is by no means advantageous to humanity. What would have become of freedom of thought in the sixteenth century in France, at the time of the Renaissance and of the Reformation, if it had not been for the *illegal* protection of Marguerite de Navarre? She could protect independent thinkers, like Calvin, while her royal brother, Francis I., in full sympathy with the movement, was forced by political reasons to crush liberty in his kingdom. The same is true of the great progressive movement of the eighteenth century: what would have happened if women had not taken under their protection the representatives of new ideas? They could do it because those who enforced the laws respected women more than they respected conventional regulations. But who could say in any country to-day what Marmontel (and many others) said at that time, "On ne fait rien à Paris que par les femmes." Voltaire, Montesquieu, D'Alembert, Marmontel, Duclos, Chamfort, Turgot,—all writers with revolutionary tendencies,—owe to women their election to the French Academy. Mademoiselle de Lespinasse was called "la grande électrice." There is no "grande électrice" to-day. Everywhere we face the same situation, and Villon's immortal refrain to the "Ballad of Dead Ladies" rises to our lips.

"But where are the snows of yester-year?"

My suggestion to-day—now that feminism has practically conquered all the coveted positions—is that woman should take up again the task she fulfilled so well in past centuries and contribute to civilization distinctively as woman. Have we not a right to ask it from her,

since we have now with us a whole class of women so well prepared for it—I mean the graduates of our colleges and universities?

There are two classes of girls who study in our institutions of higher learning: those who do it first of all with a view to earning a living—which, of course, by no means excludes the pleasant part of cultivating the mind for the mere enjoyment of it; and those with whom I am specially concerned here—namely, girls who come merely to get what is somewhat ludicrously called “an education.” Formerly it was called, and is still called, in France, “faire ses humanités”—i.e., to receive this general culture which develops the higher faculties common to all the best representatives of humanity, the culture which creates a connection between the man of the past and the man of the present and of the future, and establishes a universal intellectual brotherhood above the limits of space and time.

The class-room turns out “educated” men and women, but a little in the same sense as a tailorshop turns out garments. The value of the products can be realized only when it is put to the test in life. A woman gives value to a dress according to the way she wears it. Now, do many of our lady graduates belonging to the second class mentioned ever even wear their college gowns—I mean figuratively—when once they have received their degree? They ought to assume the task of creating the old-fashioned “salon” with distinguished men and women,—artists, writers, scholars,—and with no other purpose except the enjoyment of one another’s company; salons where they would talk—not discuss—*de omni re scibili et quibusdam aliis* (on all knowable things and on a few others too); salons where there need be no prearranged programme for the evening, but everything could be left to the inspiration of the hour, to the spontaneous wit of the cultivated company, to the delightful intoxication of emulation. America fulfils all the requirements for such an institution—a leisurely class, intelligent women, wealth, and so forth. Why not take advantage of it? Is it not worth while to try to be the Vittoria Colonna or the Cecilia Gallerani, the Madame de Sévigné or the Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, of America?

Of course there are difficulties, but these are by no means insuperable. I feel absolutely sure, for one thing, that American women would not shake our belief in the old proverb, “Ce que femme veut . . .” If some are found, however, willing enough but fearful lest they be unequal to the occasion, let them remember once more that they shall by no means be expected to solve in their salons the riddle of the universe, nor even the social question. No one need feel under obligation to utter words *sub specie æternitatis*, as Spinoza said and did. On the contrary, everything that savors of dogmatism or theory, everything that reminds one of a lecture-room, must be carefully avoided: we must play, not work; charm, not convince; fly, not creep. The only

thing necessary, after all, is to have some "humanités" and then to be a woman. Two of the most famous salons of the eighteenth century were presided over by ladies who, while well informed, were by no means particularly gifted, Madame Geoffrin and Madame de Tencin, who, as has been well said, only "made excellent use of average qualities."

Should some still need encouragement, they may learn with interest that men are rather apt to be vain, and that it is enough sometimes to be a good listener in order to be a most successful hostess. The following typical anecdote proves this: Gomberville, the old courtier, somewhat of a poet too, was known to be paying a deal of attention to a certain lady of the Hôtel de Rambouillet. One day someone had this conversation with him:

" You are the ' cavalier servant' of Madame —?"

" Yes, certainly."

" Do you love her?"

" With the most devoted respect in my heart."

" Why? She is not beautiful."

" No."

" She is not young."

" No."

" She is not graceful."

" Not very."

" She is not witty."

" No, not particularly."

" Well, then, what is it?"

" She can listen admirably."

Neither is the task proposed ungrateful; women delight in praise and they have so many chances to have men say of them what Montesquieu said of Madame du Deffand, " Il n'est pas possible de s'ennuyer avec elle.". And do you not see the perfect bliss contained in these words uttered one day in an hour of enthusiasm by the lively little Duchesse du Maine: " I just love company: everyone listens to me and I listen to no one." Finally, how sweet to the heart of a woman when a poet can sing of her as Delille of Madame de Tencin:

" Il m'en souvient, j'ai vu l'Europe entière
D'un triple cercle entourer son fauteuil."

A SURE TEST

By Mary Stewart Cutting

Author of "The Heart of Lynn," "Little Stories of Married Life," etc.



"WHAT I want to know"—Miss Irma Bowers clasped her hands over one knee, bringing into view a plump foot and the large, white frill of a petticoat—"what I want to know is this, Miss Margaret: *has* he proposed to me or not? I thought perhaps you could tell me, because you write so many stories and know just what people say."

She looked appealingly at the older woman, who sat half turned away from a desk on which the papers had just been pushed back. "If it hadn't been something really important, I wouldn't have disturbed you when I knew that you were so busy," she added generously.

"Do you mean that you don't know whether he loves you or not?" asked Margaret. She sat with her slender figure outlined against the light, her head resting on her hand as her eyes roved longingly towards the unfinished page.

"Oh, no! I know he cares for me—at least, I'm pretty sure of it. Of course, you can't ever be *quite* sure till you're asked. We've been going together for a year now, and he's taken me to get cream nearly every night this summer, and he brings me lots of candy. And we're congenial. He said he thought so the first time he saw me, and we *are*. But he hasn't asked me to marry him yet, not unless—and yet perhaps he has."

"Well?" said Margaret with encouraging interest. After all, tiresome as it was to be interrupted, this little girl was in earnest.

"It was like this. I was standing by the window last night holding a peach, and he came up behind me; I didn't suspicion he was there until I turned around and hit his mustache. Then he grabbed my hand and said—oh, so sweetly!—'May I have this?' and I said, 'To keep?' and he said, 'Why, yes.' " She paused impressively. "And I said, 'I suppose so,' and just that minute the fire-bell rang and he was off like lightning. He goes with the Columbia, you know, the new engine; it's always first at fires. And I haven't seen him since. But I know he'll come to-night, because Saturdays he always does. And do you think he meant that as a proposal or not? I don't want to take too much for granted, you know, but if he did—I don't know whether

to meet him as an *affianced* or not. He once told me that he'd never propose twice—that is, to the *same* girl—never. If she couldn't take him when he asked her, she could go without him."

She stopped impressively.

"Why, if he asked you for your hand—" began Margaret.

"But I had a peach in it."

"O-oh!" A light dawned upon the older woman. She frowned fiercely to keep from laughing. "And you think perhaps he only wanted that?"

"That's what I'm afraid of. He's fond of peaches, and this was pretty looking. But I don't *think* it was the peach—and I don't want to think it was. I think it was my hand."

She spread it out reflectively before her and looked at the plump, stubby white fingers as if seeing an engagement-ring on one of them already.

"Can't you help me any, Miss Margaret? You do get everyone out of trouble so beautifully in your stories, after you've once got them all into it."

"Well," said Margaret, rising by main force to meet this implicit faith, "I don't know whether he has proposed or not, but I'll try to tell you how to find out when he comes."

"Yes," said the girl breathlessly, leaning forward, her blue eyes gleaming.

"Have some peaches on a table near the chair you are sitting on."

"We set on a sofa," murmured Irma.

"Yes, near the sofa then. As soon as you like after he comes in you can hand him the fruit-dish and say, 'Here is the peach you were asking me for last night when the fire-bell rang.' Then, if he *didn't* mean the peach, he'll say——"

"He'll say it was me!" said the girl, drawing a deep breath. She stood up and pressed Margaret's hands in hers.

"I never saw anyone like you—never! I shall always believe in story-writing after this; that those who writes 'em sees into the heart—yes, I shall. And, Miss Margaret, I ain't goin' to forget what you have done for me."

It was a week afterwards that Irma came again. It would have been plain that she was really engaged, even if she had not at once stated the fact with many expressions of gratitude to Margaret, for she wore a rapt expression and a ring with a large red stone in it on one finger, which she kept prominently displayed.

After the expected congratulations, Margaret asked,—

"And did it all happen just as we had planned?"

"Oh, no, Ma'am, not a bit." A smile appeared around the corners of Irma's mouth. "You see, when I left you that day I was all set on

the peaches and the plate and the sofa and what I was going to say, just as you had made it out. I went to buy the peaches,—for ours was all eat up,—and it just seemed that I couldn't get any more so late in the season, and I nearly bought some apples, I began to get so queer and mixed up. And then I thought what a fool I was and could have cried, but that I saw him coming along, and it just came to me, as if I was acting on the stage,—I do love the stage, don't you?—that I'd do the speaking then and there and get the whole thing settled, instead of waiting and waiting on an uncertainty. Of course, I wouldn't ask him outright,—no *lady* would,—but I was tired of it, and I wanted to *know*. So”—she paused dramatically—“I raised my chin and I swep’ my eyelashes on my cheek, same as they do on the stage, and I says to him, sort of careless and indifferent, as he come along near me, ‘If you want to walk beside me to-night, you’ll have to walk beside me forever, so you can make up your mind now.’”

“Well?” queried Margaret.

“He said, ‘Let it go at that.’ He always did think we were congenial, and we are.” She paused again.

“But I’m just as much obliged to you as if we’d worked it all out according to the rules, for if you hadn’t planned for the peaches I wouldn’t have gone for them, and if I hadn’t gone for them——” She stopped, and a radiant expression of frankness overspread her countenance. “I guess there ain’t any use in tryin’ to deceive you for politeness’ sake; I guess you’d see through it after all your story-writin’. I guess I’d ‘a’ got him anyway, don’t you?”



THE HEDGE BINDWEED

BY EMMA BELLE MILES

MAN-OF-THE-EARTH is he, a peasant vine
Whose flowers gleam through the dusk like fallen moons.
He has tough stems, and a rough root set deep
In the old, old soil. Day after parching day,
Low in the dust, no matter how he strives,
He sucks his life from the field’s arid breast;
He twists and turns and doubles on himself,
Gets nowhither, through fence rows, briers, and corn—
Till one vast dawn, out of forgotten dew
Of sweat and tears, is born the living flower—
The bloodless, glowing flower which is his soul.



WALNUTS and WINE

A Draw As you jauntily ascend the steps of the house in which you have every hope of meeting that rare and radiant maiden to

whom you have lost your heart, you do so with a delightful sense of uncertainty that lends to the first impetus of love its greatest pleasure. There lies before you an unknown land of untrodden ways. You suspect that hidden joys lurk in its paths, and just because you doubt yourself, doubt whether you will be equal to the occasion, doubt the girl's feelings towards you. All this gives to your visit a peculiar charm of its own.

You enter the hall—with its dim light. The maid nods cheerfully at your name—for long since you have abandoned cards—and precedes you gently, perhaps with a touch of sympathy in her face, to the back parlor.

Subdued sounds greet your ears. You cross the threshold. She comes forward with a smile on her face. And then—you see the other fellow.

He has preceded you by perhaps five minutes. He has stolen a march on you. For this, you mentally vow, nothing but death shall suffice.

You hate him cordially—and you shake hands with him enthusiastically. What has happened, you secretly wonder, during the few moments they have been alone? Has he said the one word that has turned the scale in his favor? How close together were they sitting when you came? Is that stray wisp of hair on one side of her superb head a tell-tale? These thoughts are not comforting. They tend to unnerve you.

But you gather your forces together. Your pride sustains you. What! Permit an ass like that to see that you care? Never!

You place yourself in a chair in your most nonchalant manner. You summon your best vocabulary, your most cosmopolitan aspect. And thus, with the girl between you, you talk at him and he talks back at you.

She plays her part so well that if you have loved her before, your love increases tenfold with each hour of your stay. Her attention appears to be exactly divided between you.

You make an undying resolve that you will never leave so long as he stays. Your honor is involved.

You perceive after a while that he feels the same way. Can it be, you wonder, that his persistence is due to confidence?

The time goes on. You talk, he talks, she talks. Everything is discussed—everything that none of you cares about.

You begin to feel uneasy. It is growing late. Your opinion of his excessive impertinence gathers with each succeeding minute. How dare he keep this poor girl up simply to satisfy his own vanity? This, you feel, ought to be evidence enough to her of the sort of a chap he is.

But as for you, you will never surrender. If he can stand it, you can.

The clock strikes twelve. There is an awful pause. You look at him. He looks at you. She looks at both of you.

And then that peculiar combination of mind force, that nicely of simultaneousness for which you have waited so long, occurs.

You both rise—together. Neither has preceeded the other by a hair.

"We must be going," you say, with the neatest possible accent on the "we."

"Yes, we must be going," he replies, with exactly the same measure of emphasis.

You both say good-night, while she suppresses a yawn, and you walk out arm-in-arm—not because you love each other, but because in this tragic affair there can in the nature of things be no order of precedence. And then, as you reach the sidewalk in rhythmic harmony, you turn and, offering him a cigarette, say carelessly,—

"Pleasant girl that."

And he replies indifferently,—

"Rather."

Tom Masson.

THE COLONEL'S LAST SHOT

By Arthur Boswell

Not often—mebbe onct a year—

The G. A. R. boys—jolly lot—

Coaxed ther ol' Colonel to come here

An' try his luck with one more shot.

They'd send me word ahead—in time

To light some extra lamps an' run

The targets over with fresh lime

An' clean the Colonel's fav'rit' gun.

Fine man, the Colonel—big an' straight—

You'd never know which leg was wood—

Kind of a man yer can relate

Yer troubles to an' git some good.

About a dozen years ago

Him an' his chums come here a lot,

An' in them days I'd have you know

The Colonel never missed a shot.

Till all at onct his narves broke loose

An' one night—after shootin' wild—

Sez he, "I'm done, boys, 'tain't no use,"

An' blubbered like a little child.

So then they coaxed a year or so

Before he'd take another chance—

Jest whose the scheme was I dunno,

But I wuz tipped off in adwance.



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Walnuts and Wine

An' sure enough, he sez "I'll try,"
 He aimed her quite a little spell—
 "Crack" went the rifle—"DING"—"bull's-eye;"
 Gosh, but the boys let out a yell!

An' Colonel found he couldn't speak,
 Nor even make believe to cough,
 But them tears that run down his cheek
 Jes' seemed to wash the wrinkles off.

So every year they'd make him come,
 An' he wuz growin' younger fast—
 He even got tobettin' some
 How long his eyes an' narves would last,

Until one night—I hate to tell,
 Fer here's hard luck to make yo' tired—
 He aimed—I yanked the bull's-eye bell—
 Begosh—the Colonel hadn't fired.

We thought he certainly must cuss,—
 We'd some of us been glad, I know,
 If he had turned his gun on us,—
 But down he lays her, quiet an' slow,

An' then his face breaks in a smile—
 He makes a little speech, an' ends,
 "Good eyes, good narves, is well wuth while,
 But there ain't nothin' like good friends."



A SPEEDING automobile met a smoothly gliding cutter on the road.

Seasonable "Ah!" it said to the cutter, "where are you going?"
 "Sleighting, of course," replied the cutter. "And you?"
 "Slaying!" shouted back the automobile with a horseless laugh.

Edward J. Kirchner.



Inspired Botany THE Rev. Appleton Grannin of St. Michael's Church, New York, tells the following clerical anecdote on himself:

"I was preaching on the spiritual benefit that may sometimes accrue from temporal misfortunes," he says, "and in the course of my sermon I made use of this practical illustration:

"Some flowers thrive best under the benign rays of the summer sun, while others—fuchsias, for instance—require the deepest of shade to bring them to their fullest perfection."

"In one of the front pews sat a little, old lady of distinctly rural aspect who followed the sermon with the most gratifyingly close and eager atten-

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tion. At the close of the service she hurried forward with outstretched hands to speak to me.

"Oh sir!" she cried, "how can I ever thank you for the inestimable benefit your inspired words have imparted to me!"

I started to say something appropriate when she continued,—

"I've been trying for twenty years to make my fuchsias grow well, and I never knew till to-day that I failed because I didn't plant them in the shade."

Anice Terhune.

A Suburban resident of C—— was greatly annoyed by the raids of his neighbor's chickens. One Sunday morning he happened to be in the rear of his lot and saw his neighbor in her yard entirely indifferent to the fact that her chickens were merrily digging up his very promising crop of young onions.

"See here, now, Mrs. Murphy," said Mr. C., "I can't stand this any longer. You must either keep your chickens at home, or else I'll cook them for my table. I'm tired of this!"

Mrs. Murphy regarded him for a moment.

"Well," she said, "one thing's certain. You ain't got the love of Jesus in your heart to let a little thing like that bother you on the blessed Sabbath Day!"

Nanna W. Stewart.

An Impertinence "LET me see," said the minister, who was filling out the marriage certificate and had forgotten the date, "this is the fifth, is it not?"

"No, sir!" said the bride, with some indignation, "this is only my third!"

Harold Melbourne.

Higher Education THE teacher was trying to draw from the pupils some of the uses to which ivory is put. She asked, "Now, who can tell me what is made of ivory?" Up went a score of little hands. "You may tell, Glen." And Glen confidently shouted, "Soap!"

C. H. Kilborn.

THE MAN FOR ME

By Grace G. Bostwick

Th' man what gains th' most in life ain't naryways th' one
'At's allus frettin' 'bout his job an' wishin' things wuz done;
He works away 'ith cheerful heart an' does his honest best,
An' allus keeps a-laffin' an' a-jokin' of th' rest.

If trubble comes, why, he don't set an' grieve until he's sick,
He up an' gets to work, an' so th' worst is over quick,

THE EQUITABLE

Agents of the EQUITY LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

J.W. ALEXANDER

111 W. Main Street



J.H. HYDE

111 W. Main Street

JUNE WITH ITS ROSES

flies fast — but not faster than the June-time of your life. Have you made ample provision for its Autumn?

An Endowment Policy in the Equitable gives you the surplus earnings of your youth when it is needed most — securing comfort for your mature years and meanwhile protection for your family — if you die.

Splendid opportunities for men of character to act as representatives.

WALNUTS & WINE COMPANY

Walnuts and Wine

An' when you tell him, friendly, 'at you're sorry 'at he's down,
He sorter smiles an' says 'at he's th' luckiest man in town.

An' 'en he tells you what he's got 'stead of what he ain't;
I tell you he's th' man for me—a kinder common saint,
'At ever'body likes becuz he's never glum ner blue,
Th' honestest an' cheerfulest—an' true man through an' through.

**Tangible
Evidence**

A LITTLE girl was afraid to stay in her bed in the dark. Her mother left her with the usual reassurance that there was no need of fear—God was with her.

In answer to fretful pleadings the mother returned to the nursery and tucked a favorite doll in beside her little daughter for comfort. Scarcely had she reseated herself in the sitting-room when a little voice piped over the banisters:

"Mamma, Mamma! I don't want God, and I don't want dolly. I want somebody with a skin face!"

Helen Sherman Griffith.

**A Bold, Bad
Book-Agent**

ONE day an enterprising agent who had informed himself approached a Mr. Smith with the interested suggestion,—

"Now, Mr. Smith, I know that to-day is your wedding anniversary. Don't you want to give Mrs. Smith a handsome Bible as an anniversary present? I can let you have to-day a beautiful fifteen-dollar Bible for five dollars."

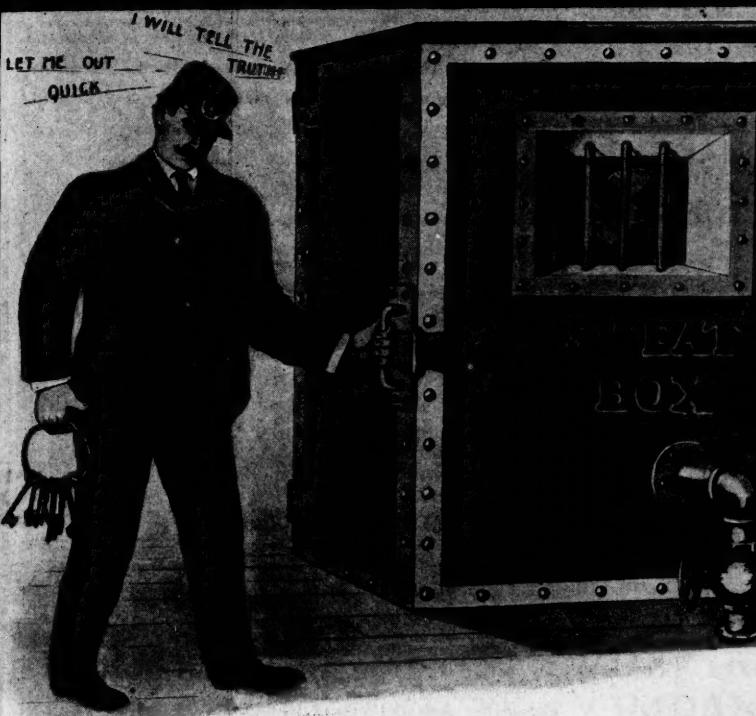
After some discussion Mr. Smith took the Bible. Just here the plot thickens. The book-agent pocketed the proceeds, then promptly ran up to Mr. Smith's house, called for Mrs. Smith, and asked if she wouldn't like to make her husband a present of a fine Bible on this anniversary. He said that, as he was anxious to dispose of all his books before going to Cleveland at six o'clock, he would sacrifice a beautiful fifteen-dollar Bible for five dollars. After some hesitation Mrs. Smith bought the Bible.

When Mr. Smith reached home that evening and presented his wife with a large package containing an anniversary gift she went into the next room and produced its mate.

Tableau! Smith vowed vengeance with all the heat of a warm disposition. However, there was a fine festal supper waiting, so he contented himself for the present with a telephonic appeal to one Lewis Johnson, a nearby friend.

"Lewis," he urged, "I want you to hurry down to the station and stop a book-agent who is going to Cleveland at six o'clock. I must see him before he leaves town. You just hold him till I can finish supper and get there." Then he gave a brief description of the man and rushed back to his supper.

The good Lewis hopped on a passing car and swept down upon the book-agent just as the train pulled in.



Truth will Come Out Under Pressure.

Some (many) men and women lie to themselves—"Coffee doesn't hurt me"—smother over the daily wound, charge the aches and ails and growing disease to this or that but stick to the coffee.

Old Dame Nature strikes back a little harder each week. She is patient under the daily attacks of coffee, but she will keep hitting harder and harder until nervous prostration or worse appears.

The **truth will come out** when you finally conclude to test it and leave off coffee 10 days and use

POSTUM

"There's a Reason."

"See here," he explained, "Smith says that he *must* see you and that you are to wait over a train for him."

"Sorry; I'd like to oblige him, but it's impossible. I'm due in Cleveland at eight-thirty and have got to be there. But I know what Mr. Smith wants. He was thinking of buying a Bible of mine for his wife's anniversary present. It's really a handsome book, which I usually sell for fifteen dollars, but as it is the last one I have, I offered it to him for five dollars" (producing the Bible). "He was to let me know if he wanted it. Couldn't you take it to him, as I can't possibly wait? He'd be disappointed not to have it, I know."

The obliging Lewis thereupon hastily produced five dollars for the agent, acquired the Bible, and with the best intentions in the world trotted back to the Smiths with the book.

Second tableau! Fortunately their sense of humor saved the situation, and with chastened spirits they display all three books of Holy Writ to the initiated.

E. C. B.

THE CART BEFORE THE HORSE

By Paul Bartlett

THE ash-man and the artist
Play quite a different part,
The former empties, as you know,
Ash-boxes with his cart—
The latter does not empty, though,
Cash-boxes with his art.

A MUCH-INDULGED little girl of six years was being read to. The According to story related to a small boy who was discontented because his Her Light piece of pie was not sweet enough to suit him. His mother thought otherwise, and suggested his taking a piece to a poor little cripple in the alley near them. This child's delighted enjoyment of the dainty so impressed the boy that he returned and ate his piece, quite satisfied with it. The reader pointed out the moral to the small listener, trying to improve the opportunity. Her face lighted up and she said with conviction,—

"I bet his mother put plenty of sugar on his pie while he was gone!"

F. N. Worthington.

Little Love
Taps

AT one of the recent White-House receptions there was a little case of rapier thrusting between two ladies, and it was delightfully entertaining to those who saw and heard.

There is a famous man in Washington, one who came from the plain people and who continues as one of them. He has a beautiful daughter of aristocratic tendencies, who has dug up a family-tree, somehow or other, and who affects superiority which she does not possess in any sense.

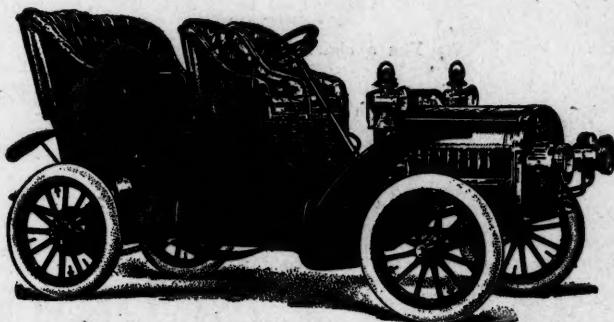
Rambler



The enjoyment of it is not confined to the hours when the men of the household are free; women and children can use it meanwhile. The operation is by one lever, pedals and a throttle attached to the steering wheel. The hand that steers is the hand that controls. Ignition is automatic. The working parts are readily accessible, and so simple that adjustments can be made without the help of a mechanic. It is never necessary to crawl under the machine.

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THOMAS B. JEFFERY & COMPANY



SURREY, TYPE ONE
16 to 18 horse power, \$1350.
Other models \$750, \$850, \$2000 and
\$3000. Full information on request.



Walnuts and Wine

The wife of a Congressman from a Western State was introduced to the young lady and pleasantly said,—

“I have met with your distinguished father, Miss —.”

“I dare say,” replied the young lady languidly. “Papa in his position meets all sorts of people.”

The Western lady flushed and flashed back instantly: “I should suppose so. Especially when he is at home.”

Smith D. Fry.

Just for Instance HEINE had been doing wrong. Der Vater caught him and was laying down the law and the strap. After a few licks he said,—

“Now vat you t'ink? Oh, I know vat you t'ink, you t'ink dam—I lick you some more.”

Herbert Coons.

A Useless Request “Do you say your prayers in the morning or at night?” asked Ted.

“At night, of course,” answered Rob. “Anybody can take care of theirselves in the daytime.”

Emma C. Wood.

DATTO JAN

A SERVICE SONG OF THE SULU ISLES

By Damon Runyon

YER a charmin' sort o' critter,

Datto Jan,

Though you looks on us quite bitter,

Datto Jan;

Our religion ain't th' same

An' our war's a different name.

But we've got you fer to tame,

Datto Jan.

CHORUS.

Datto Jan, oh Datto Jan, you may snip us when you can,
 But you wouldn't be so nasty if you'd only understand',
 Though you hide out in th' grass jest to stick us when we pass,
 We still looks on you some lovin', Datto Jan.

Oh, we piles you up with tracts,

Datto Jan,

An' we piles you up in stacks,

Datto Jan;

Walnuts and Wine



WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

used faithfully will preserve, cultivate or resurrect the complexion as the case may be, and therefore appeals to every woman who possesses a mirror. Use a Face soap for the face. 25 cts. everywhere.

Include Woodbury's Facial Cream in your summer equipment to dispense that florid look and torrid feeling.

Special - A man will take our Beauty Books. Send 10 cents for superb bound collection of portraits (3½ x 12 inches) of 15 Theatrical Stars containing autograph letters from each, or 15 cents with samples.

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO., SOLE LICENSEE.

CINCINNATI, O.

Walnuts and Wine

An' that ain't all yer to get,
 Fer we'll 'similate you yet,
 An' we'll also make you sweat,
 Datto Jan.

CHORUS.

Datto Jan, oh Datto Jan, yer a mos' peculiar man,
 You had better get religion 'er we'll keep you in th' pan;
 You can't mind yer own affairs, so we'll help you out on shares—
 You will hafter see it our way, Datto Jan.

You have got too many wives,
 Datto Jan,
 Mor'n mos' folks in their lives,
 Datto Jan,
 An' yer friends back in th' States
 Hears them things wot we relates—
 Makes 'em sorry fer yer mates,
 Datto Jan.

CHORUS.

Datto Jan, oh Datto Jan, you will hafter understand'
 That you can't be doin' business here upon th' Mormon plan;
 Yer contentment with yer lot makes them State folks sum'at hot,
 An' p'raps ther're likewise jealous, Datto Jan.

Oh, we knows you hates our flag,
 Datto Jan,
 So we hunts you with a Krag,
 Datto Jan;
 Though you hides out 'all alone,
 Out o' Uncle Sammy's zone,
 We still claims you fer our own,
 Datto Jan.

CHORUS.

Datto Jan, oh Datto Jan, yer a man wot's got some sand,
 An' you orter hear 'em pray fer you in Uncle Sammy's land.
 Oh, they'll show you at th' fairs an' they'll double up them prayers,
 While we chases you with guns, Datto Jan.

Don't you tell us wot you need,
 Datto Jan,
 With yer morals run to seed,
 Datto Jan,

SHREDDED WHEAT

WHOLE

How's YOUR STROKE?

Is It **STEADY** and
STRONG Every
Day in the Year?

You are not training for a college regatta. But you must pull an oar in the race of life, and you need the strength and endurance that come from a natural food that is perfectly adapted in form and material to every requirement of the human body. Such a food is

Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit

It contains all the nutritive elements of the whole wheat grain, cooked and drawn into fine porous shreds, which enable the stomach to readily take up all their strength-giving, body-building properties.

There's Life and Health in Every Shred

for the toiler, the thinker, the outdoor man and the indoor man. You need Brawn and Brain for the master stroke that wins. Starchy foods do not make them

Q Shredded Wheat Biscuit is the purest and cleanest cereal food in the world made in the cleanest and most hygienic industrial building in the world. It is delicious for breakfast or for every meal, with hot or cold milk or cream. Q Do you know TRISCUIT? It is the new Shredded Wheat cracker, eaten as a toast with butter or with cheese, preserves or beverages. Q "The Vital Question Cook Book" is sent free. Write to-day.

THE NATURAL FOOD COMPANY
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Walnuts and Wine

Fer we'll send school ma'ams galore—
Marry 'em an' send some more,
Don't ferget we've got a store,
Datto Jan.

CHORUS.

Datto Jan, oh Datto Jan, you will hafter understand'
That's you ain't a Morro any more, but an American;
You mus' learn how to behave 'er we'll shove you in a grave,
An' there ain't no use in kicking, Datto Jan.

Not Guilty IN a New England Sunday-school a class of small boys was recently presided over by an elderly deacon in the absence of the regular teacher, a young man. The deacon owns an apple-orchard, and as several of the boys had been interviewed by him not long before, they hardly dared to look at him. The lesson began. Fixing his eyes on a little fellow who was just beginning to attend the school, the teacher asked in a gruff voice:

"Young man, who was it led the children of Israel into the Land of Canaan? Do you know?"

Apparently frightened, the boy replied as best he could: "I—I don't know, sir. It wasn't me."

Howard Reynolds.

A Literal Solution THE words "bear," "bees," and "boys" were written on the blackboard by the teacher, who asked her pupils to write sentences containing those words.

One young miss handed in the following:

"Boys bees bear when they goes in swimming!"

F. B. Phipps.

Hard on the Town IN Tompkinsville there lives a woman, very poor, very deserving, and fanatically religious. She lives in a very comfortable little house owned by a distant relative. One day the following conversation was overheard between Charlotte and a German neighbor:

"Vas you doin', Charlotte?"

"Trying to nail this board on the fence."

"Vy you no make H. G. nail it on?"

"Because he does so much for me, anyhow. I pay no rent, you know."

"Charlotte, vy you no makes H. G. gif you dis house?"

"Oh, no, indeed. I have all I need for this world!"

"Den vy you no makes him put it in his vill?"

"No," said Charlotte meditatively, "not for me. I have enough. But if he would give it to the Lord——"

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Artloom Tapestries

TRADE MARK REGISTERED



when in quest of curtains, couch covers, or table covers. You will find harmonious effects at so low a cost that the wearisome necessity for amateur decorative work is forever done away with. The Artloom combines the highest qualities of color and pattern effect in durable fabrics, indispensable to the satisfactory furnishing of any home.

Artloom Tapestry curtains, couch covers and table covers offer the correct article for each room at all seasons—

a heavy, warm Velour for the cold months; also materials less extreme in weight and color, suitable for all seasons; and dainty shimmery materials that make the artistic touch a possibility during the summer.

Write, giving the name of your dry goods dealer or department store, for Style Book "J," printed in colors, with Artloom suggestions for every room in the house. Mailed free on request. Or cut out this coupon and mail with ten cents and YOUR DEALER'S NAME, and we will send you a plush velour square, in red or green, that can be used for centre piece or mounted for pillow top. It would cost fifty cents in any store and they are made exclusively by us.

INSIST ON SEEING THIS LABEL.



It appears on every genuine Artloom production and is the mark of character, fineness of texture, trueness of design and color—with the wearing qualities for which the Artloom brand is famous.

42

PHILADELPHIA TAPESTRY MILLS
PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

"Ach, Charlotte! vat fool nonsense you talk! Vat would God A'might vant mid a house in Tompkinsville anyhow! Ain't it!"

Nanna W. Stewart.

Undivided Responsibility *Little John.*—"I was going fishing Sunday, but papa wouldn't let me."

Minister.—"That's the right kind of a papa to have. Did he tell you the reason why?"

Little John.—"Yes, he said there wasn't enough bait for two."

J. H. Judge.

As a Sweet Morsel Two sisters, New England women, had a grudge against each other and had not spoken in twenty-five years. At last one of them came to what she thought was her death-bed. Wanting to die in peace, she sent for her sister and said to her,—

"Martha, I want to make up with you, but it must be conditional or not at all."

"And what is the condition?" asked Martha calmly.

"It is that if I do not die, I may take back the grudge!"

Claude Roberts.

"IDYNESS"

By Carl Wiggins

THERE'S the Idyl by triflers and tinkers;
There's the Idyl by men of all type;
But the Idyl indulged in by thinkers
Is a loaf in the shade with a pipe.

An Applicant for Suffrage *Young Lady* (briskly, to telegraph operator).—"A blank form, please. What is the rate to Janross?"

Operator.—"Reg'lar rates—twenty-five cents for ten words."

Young lady, twenty minutes later, after many erasures and deep study, hands over message.

Operator (reading same).—"Too many words. You'll have to cut out that 'My dear Herbert,' or pay extra."

Young Lady (with visible excitement).—"Leave it out! Well, indeed, I shall do nothing of the kind. I guess I can call my own husband 'My dear Herbert' if I see fit."

Operator.—"Privilege with you, Ma'am. Will cost you six cents extra, though."

Young Lady (angrily).—"Six cents! Why, I could add four to that and get a special delivery stamp." Viciously: "It would reach him just



JUST INSIST

if it becomes necessary. Be patient as the crime
of substitution will allow—but *INSIST* on having

Hand Sapolio

the finest article of a high-bred, intelligent toilet.

If the dealer can face you with a substitute remember that you must face substitute-results for that soft-textured skin, the fresh glow of health and sense of life which *HAND SAPOLIO* gives. So turn down something on which he makes an extra penny or must "work off." Do it gently—just as *HAND SAPOLIO* removes dead cuticle! Some time he will see that a delighted customer is more desirable than an extra penny—

SO INSIST

about as soon as your old telegraph, anyhow, for he won't get to Janross until this evening."

Operator.—"Sorry, Ma'am; rules are rules. If you *will* have it addressed that way, drop out three words of the message; that will bring it within the limit."

Young Lady picks up telegram and studies it intently, with her pretty eyebrows drawn tightly together. Shakes her head despairingly and lays down paper.

"I just can't leave out any of them; he wouldn't understand if I did. And," with a break in her voice, "to just say 'Herbert D. Fenton' would seem so cold and distant to him, I know."

Operator (shifting uncomfortably).—"Six cents extra will fix it right, Ma'am. Now, which shall it be?"

Young Lady (tearfully).—"I can't cut down the message, and I won't leave out the other." With sudden determination: "Give me another blank. I will not be coerced and bullyragged by your old rules."

Rapidly writes the following: "Operator refuses to let me address you suitably. Writing instead."

Places a quarter on counter, with "There! ten words. Send that immediately. I'll write a *letter* to Mr. Fenton, and call him just whatever I please."

Sweeps triumphantly from office.

J. Fred Kurtz.

A Medical Authority

IN a family where Dr. Holt's book is the authority, when Willie was ill he asked his mother to look "if the Lord said a sick boy could have chicken-broth."

B.

Absent Minded

"DEAR me, Bridget, isn't it time you learned to set the table without help? I think that after I have trained you for a year I ought not to feel obliged to always look at the table before a meal is served."

"Sure, mum, me ould mother did be afther schouldin' me for forgittin' whin I was back home in County Galway. 'Bridget,' she'd be sayin', 'it's yerself do be sittin' there sewin', and here's the pig a-walkin' round the corner wid yer t'imbler in his mout.'"

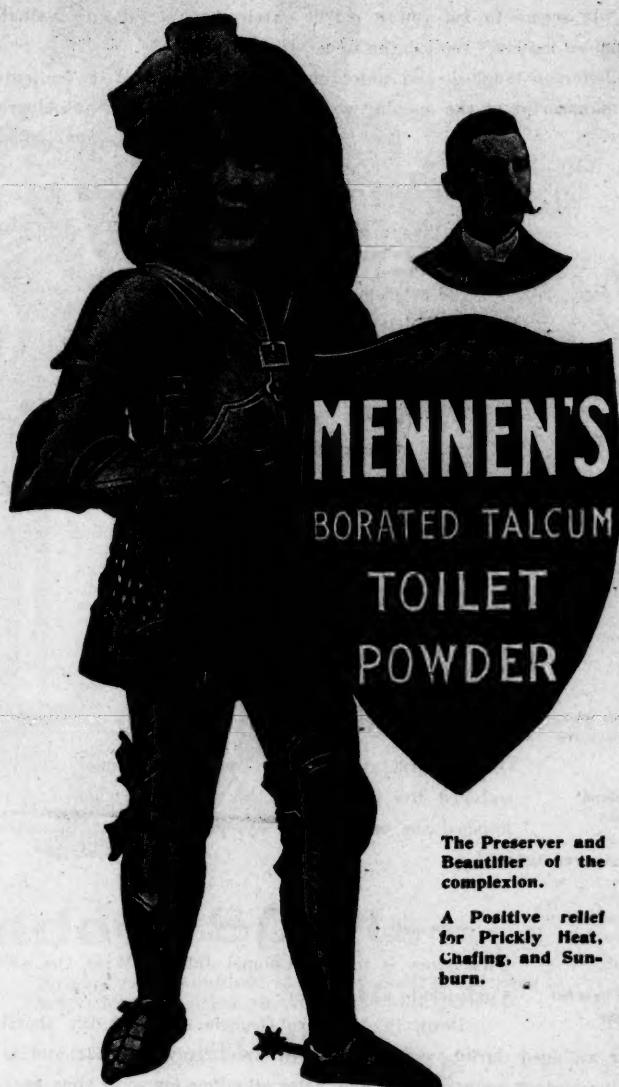
Ellen Locke.

Sherman and Jefferson

JOSEPH JEFFERSON, the actor, and General Sherman were great friends. Upon a certain occasion Jefferson called upon the General.

After a pleasant chat Jefferson rose to go, and General Sherman caught sight of a sheet of paper under the chair where the actor had been sitting.

"Jefferson," he called, picking up the paper and carrying it to the door, "you dropped this, I think."



The Preserver and
Beautifier of the
complexion.

A Positive relief
for Prickly Heat,
Chafing, and Sun-
burn.

Not on our PACKAGE, but on our Powder, we
have built our national reputation. Avoid
ordinary powders, highly scented with cheap
perfume, put up in ornamental packages.

Mennen's face on every box; be sure that you get the original.
Sold everywhere, or by mail 25 cents. Sample free.

Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.

TRY MENNEN'S VIOLET TALCUM

Jefferson took the sheet with an effusion of thanks that was astonishing.
"My dear General," he exclaimed, "you have *saved my life!*"

"It seems to me you're rather careless to carry such valuable papers around so loosely," replied the General in surprise.

Jefferson laughed, and unfolding the paper revealed its contents. It was the manuscript of the opening pages of the great actor's autobiography.

Helen Sherman Griffith.

SUNSHINE

By Silas X. Floyd

ON ev'y single cloudy day,
Dis what ole Eph'um's boun' ter say,—
 De sun's gwine shine to-morrer;
'Cause aftah de rain an' de cheerless snow,
An' aftah de darkes' night you know,
 De sun's gwine shine to-morrer.

It won't be long in comin' roun',
Ter warm de country an' de town—
 De sun's gwine shine to-morrer.
Den do yo'r bes' an' wait awhile,
Don't fret an' frown but always smile—
 De sun's gwine shine to-morrer.

Endless Chain ON her first visit to the country one small child delightedly watched the milking of the cow, and when this process was finished she cried "Oh, say, grandpa, pour the milk back and do it over again!"

H. G. Ring.

A Cheerful Giver THIS story is told by Colonel John S. Wise, the well-known ex-Confederate and lawyer.

Down in Northern Georgia one cold day shortly after the war an aged darky, wearing a faded blue army overcoat and military cap, walked into a country store and, after standing for some time near the blazing sheet-iron stove, said to the proprietor,—

"Mistah Scott, does yeh evah trade things fur things?"

"Yes, Mose, sometimes. What do you want to swap?"

"I jes' gwinter ast yeh t' gimme er knittin'-needle er two fuh dis heah aig dat de ole 'oman tolle me fuh t' fotch up heah."

Mose took an egg out of one of the deep pockets of the overcoat and received in return for it two knitting-needles. He hung around for a while longer and asked again,—

"Mistah Scott, don' yeh evah treat folks whut trade wid yeh?"

"Occasionally, Mose. What do you want now?"



Outdoor Sports—

To give zest to outdoor sports, to assist in exercise, to relieve fatigue—drink an occasional wine glass of

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S
Malt-Nutrine
TRADE MARK.

It gives appetite, health and vigor. Invaluable as a builder-up of wasted constitutions—for nursing mothers, convalescents, the dyspeptic. It insures healthful and refreshing sleep. A predigested food, rich in nutriment, relished and retained by the weakest stomach.

Malt-Nutrine is the pure strength of best malt mixed with the tonic properties of hops—not intoxicating.

Endorsed by the best physicians. All druggists and grocers sell it. Prepared by the

Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n, St. Louis, U.S.A.

"Well, bein's I's gwinter walk home in de cold I 'lowed yeh might gib me jes' er little dram."

The groceryman drew some whiskey into a tinecup out of the barrel under the counter and handed it over to Mose, but Mose did not appear to be in a hurry to drink.

"Go on, Mose, and drink that liquor," said the merchant, "or some other nigger'll be in here in a minute and drink it for you."

"All right, Mistah Scott, but I's jes' waitin' t' see ef yeh wuz a-gwinter gib me er little sugar."

"Oh, yes, here's some sugar. Now drink, and clear out from here."

Still Mose lingered, cup in hand. He stood closer to the stove and calmly surveyed the potion. Finally the groceryman said:

"Mose, if you don't go ahead and drink that liquor, I'll take it away from you and put it back in the barrel. What are you dreaming about, anyhow?"

"I's gwinter drink. But I wuz jes' a-standin' heah a-thinkin' 'bout de time when we wuz livin' up t' de great house wid ole Marse an' de Missus, an' 'long 'bout dis time o' de yeah ole Marse he alluz mix' er aig wid his whiskey. Mistah Scott, ain't yeh got jes' one aig yeh kin spar' me?"

The proprietor determined to see just how far the old negro would go if encouraged, and he gave him the egg for which he had traded him the knitting-needles a few minutes before.

"Lawdy, Mistah Scott!" exclaimed Mose, "now ef I jes' had er little milk er cream whut er aignogg I could make. Reckin yeh ain't got no milk heah?"

"No, you old rascal, I haven't got any milk, and if you want to mix anything else in with that drink you'll have to use some of that hot water there on the stove."

"Dat's jes' whut I'll do."

Mose cracked the shell of the egg, broke it, and then, holding half of it in the fingers of each hand, smiled and looked quickly towards the groceryman.

"Mistah Scott! Dis heah aig got two yallers. Yeh owe me 'nuther knittin'-needle!"

H. Giovannoli.

"MR. ESTEE, why don't you get married?"

Hard to Fool "Well, I've been thinking about it. If I could find a pretty, smart, rich old maid, I would hitch up at once."

"Well, sir, it's very hard to fool such a woman."

M. Adriance Bunker.

The Universal Language LITTLE Clarence Tompkins returned from a visit to a New York cousin with a slang vocabulary that proved very distressing to his father, a village clergyman. Soon after his return he was sent to the library for a certain book. On the way the title slipped his mind, but not until it had created an association of ideas.

"Pop wants a book on rubberneckin'," Clarence announced.

SO GOOD AND PURE SO LOW IN PRICE

The perfect purity of HAYNER WHISKEY is guaranteed because it goes direct to you from our own distillery and doesn't pass through the hands of any dealer or middleman to adulterate. Have your doctor test it and see what he says.

When you buy HAYNER WHISKEY you save the dealers' enormous profits. That's why it costs less than you pay for adulterated stuff. You cannot buy anything purer, better or more satisfactory than HAYNER WHISKEY, no matter how much you pay.

It is recommended by leading physicians and used in hospitals, simply because it is so good and pure. That's just why YOU should try it.

WHAT SENATOR MARTIN SAYS.

United States Senate, Washington, D. C.

I have used HAYNER WHISKEY for medicinal purposes in my family and have found it very satisfactory. I believe it to be a number one medicinal whiskey.

Thomas J. Martin
U. S. Senator from Virginia.

HAYNER WHISKEY

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OUR OFFER We will send you, in a plain sealed case with no marks to show contents, **FOUR FULL QUART BOTTLES** of HAYNER PRIVATE STOCK RYE for **\$3.20**, and we will pay the express charges. Take it home and sample it, have your doctor test it, every bottle if you wish. Then, if you don't find it just as we say and perfectly satisfactory, ship it back to us **AT OUR EXPENSE** and your **\$3.20** will be promptly refunded. How could any offer be fairer? **YOU** don't risk a cent.

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"The Rev. Mr. Tompkins wants a book on rubbernecking!" gasped the librarian. "What is the title, Clarence?"

"I forget," said Clarence. "But it's about rubberneckin'," he insisted.

He was sent home for more specific information, and returned with a slip of paper on which was written, "Looking Backward."

H.

**First Steps
in Logic**

"MAMMA, I don't want to wear these red stockings. Nurse said this color won't run and I don't want to walk always."

"Oh, nurse didn't say it properly. Let me show you. See, on the toes it says, 'fast colors.'"

Margaret C. Davis.

DIFFERENT

By Ned Barney

BE sure your sins will find you out,

For that's the way of sin—

Unlike that of our creditors,

Who always find us in.

**The
Dictator**

THE other day, during the visit of a friend, Sammy sat down in the middle of the floor and began crying with all his might. His mother tried expedient after expedient, but to no avail; the tears flowed on.

"Do you want some candy, Sammy?" she asked.

"No," he shrieked dolefully.

"A cooky?"

"Aw, no!"

"Then what on earth do you want?"

"Well," with a despairing wail, "you might take me over next door and see if that would please me!"

H. M. Lyon.

**A Bad
Break**

DURING the annual convention of a certain religious body, not so very long ago, an incident occurred which was not on the programme and which completely upset the gravity of the ministers and brethren assembled. It was at the closing session, and the chairman stated that they were about one hundred dollars short of an amount desired to be raised for a given purpose, and hoped that the sum could be made up before final adjournment. One of the laymen jumped up with the remark,—

"I'll start the good work with twenty-five dollars."

"I don't know your name, brother," said the chairman, "but may God bless you, and your business be doubled during the year."

Much to his astonishment, a burst of laughter followed from many in

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TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

the hall, which was explained when a brother up in front stepped to the platform and whispered,—

"Why, that's Mr. Blank, a prominent undertaker of the town."

Charles E. Boyer.

Truth will
Out

A YOUNG man was taking the Civil Service examinations and was exasperated at the irrelevance of some of the questions. One question was, "How many British troops were sent to this country during the American Revolution?" The young man nibbled his pen for a moment in annoyance and then wrote the answer, "I don't know, but a darned sight more than went back."

Helen Sherman Griffith.

THE BALLAD OF AGED INFANCY

By Robert Rudd Whiting

THE Viscount of Dotage when aged ninety-one
Began to regret that he hadn't a son
To inherit his title and keep it alive,
So he took him a wife: she was just twenty-five.

In less than a year a remarkable boy
Filled the dented old heart of the Viscount with joy.
His baby-blue eyes resembled his ma's,
While his tooth-barren gums were exactly like pa's.

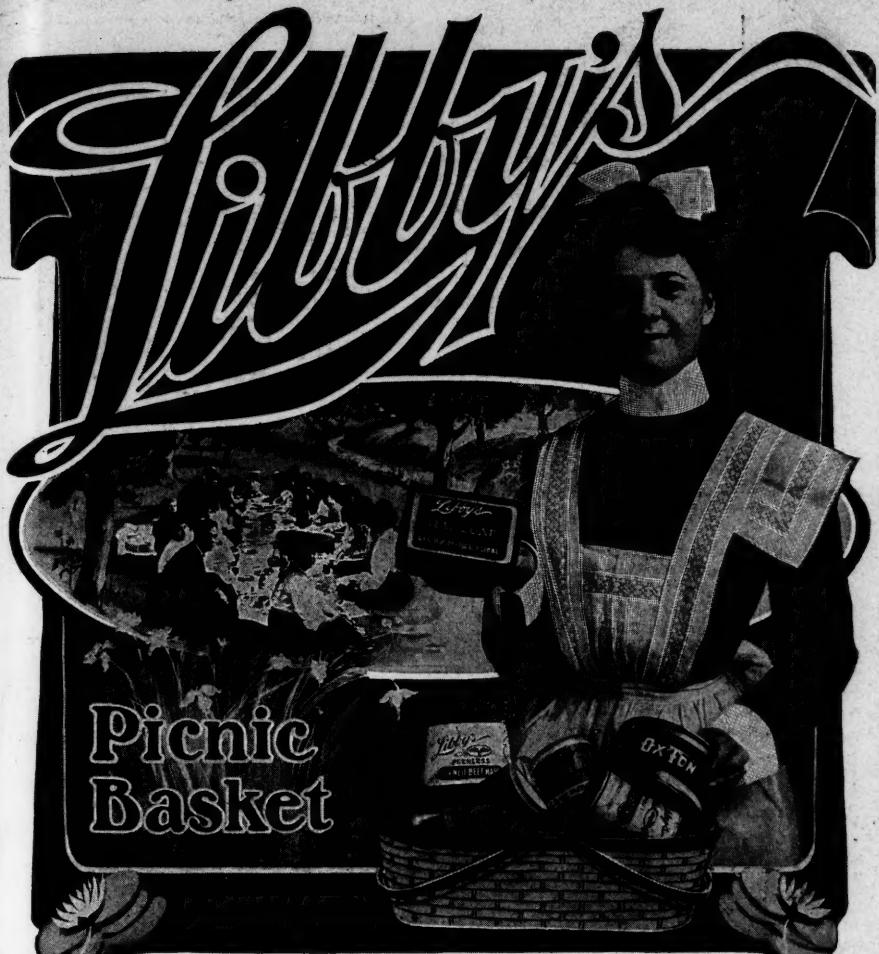
His hair was like mother's—a rich golden-brown,
Except for the bald spot that covered his crown;
He enjoyed reading essays on subjects abstruse,
But his mind was unable to grasp Mother Goose.

Soon after our hero had started to talk
He was seized with a laudable longing to walk;
His chubby left leg gave a hop and a skip
And was off like a flash at a terrible clip.

But, the funniest thing! it wouldn't go straight,
'Twould only in spirals and circles gyrate.
The reason? His right leg was lame with the gout.
(He inherited this from his father, no doubt.)

The consequence was, when he started to walk
(Since his good leg would gallop and t'other would balk)
That he just spun around and around and around
Till, exhausted, he sank with a gasp to the ground.

The specialists, after a long consultation,
Declared the end due to a queer complication
Of rheumatic old age, the measles, and colic,
Brought about by inertia and overmuch frolic.



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